"1984"
by
G. Orwell.

TX:
1954

CHARACTERS

WINSTON SMITH
JULIA
O'BRIEN
SYME
PARSONS
MRS. PARSONS
PARSONS GIRL
PARSONS BOY
WOMAN SUPERVISOR, PORNOSEC
THIN PRISONER, MINILUV
EMMANUEL GOLDSTEIN (FILM ONLY)

PROLES:-
MR. CHARRINGTON
WAITER, CHESTNUT TREE CAFE
THREE YOUTHS IN PUB
TWO MEN IN PUB
OLD MAN IN PUB
BARMAN
TWO WOMEN IN CANTEEN
WASHERWOMAN

NON - SPEAKING

INNER PARTY MEMBER, MINIPLENTY
TORTURE-MACHINE ATTENDANT, MINILUV
MARTIN, O'BRIEN's SERVANT
INTELLECTUAL PRISONER, MINILUV
EURASIAN SOLDIER (FILM ONLY)
PARTY WORKERS, MINITRUE
THOUGHT POLICE

VOICES OF TELESCREEN (2 or 3)

"NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR"

F.U.CAM:

Caption: "NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR"

GRAMS. Disc: F/U Music. Band:

FADE OUT

F.U.CAM:

Caption: By GEORGE ORWELL

FADE OUT

F.U.CAM:

Caption: Adapted as a Television Play by NIGEL KNEALE

MIX TELECINE:

1. C.S. Curiously-textured wall: ribbed or made of perforated metal.

GRAMS.
Hold music under.

NARRATOR: (dubbed) This is one man's alarmed vision of the future ... a future which, he felt, might with such dangerous ease ... be brought about .....

Pan down wall past notice reading:

"It is ABSOLUTELY FORBIDDEN to open this protective cover without specific orders in writing under Section 22/B/YB. Infringement of this Rule is Punishable by death."

Take in steel cage-like cover hinged to wall. Hands are opening it and we see the heavily-braided cuffs of a high-ranking officer. Inside is a steel casing labelled "EXTREME DANGER. Open only in STATE OF EMERGENCY. Have you checked your orders?"

The hands unlock combination, swing double steel doors open, revealing a row of internally-lit push-buttons. After a moment's hesitation, hand jabs rapidly at a selected half dozen, then lifts clear.

2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7.

Stock shots of atomic explosions. The first is very short - only the primary stage. They lengthen progressively

DISSOLVE TO:

8. Swirling dry-ice smoke.

NARRATOR: (dubbed) Atomic war ... famine ... revolution. The collapse of a civilisation. (His tone changes) And then ... in its place ... the formation of a new way of existence ...

9. Slowly bring up through the smoke an almost full-frame portrait of BIG BROTHER. Under it the caption: "BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU." It is presented on its own framed hoarding, such as may be seen in Communist countries today.

Pan slowly off the portrait to (MODEL) view of the Thames at Westminster. We see approximately the same area as in the TV opening signal, but the river has shrunk to a wandering trickle through a weed-grown bed, and of the bridges, only broken arches remain. The Houses of Parliament are burnt-out ruins, but enough remains o' the Victoria Tower to identify it, so that we can appreciate the enormous height of the building that next comes into shot.

..... This, in 1984, is London ... chief city of Airstrip One, a Province of the State of Oceania.

Pan left to take in a shining pyramidal building over a thousand feet high. It rises in terrace on terrace, with hundreds of tiny windows.

Track in and DISSOLVE TO:

DISSOLVE TO:

10. Closer shot of building.

Pan slowly down to take in elegantly embossed lettering across face of building:

"MINISTRY OF TRUTH"

Not far below come three dark banners, strung across masonry, bearing the Party solgans:

"WAR IS PEACE
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY
IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH"

Pan down to windows below.

11. Panning shot down on to a single small window in white concrete wall. WINSTON SMITH is looking out, up at the sky.

CUT CAM: Int. Records Dept. Ministry of Truth. Day.

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Background murmur of many people at work in office.

(WINSTON stands looking out of window, one hand resting on the door of a flat case of electronic valves fastened to wall, as if he had intended to open it when his eye was caught by view outside. He turns to case, opens catch; then looks back to window and upwards at sky outside. A slight figure, he is dressed in the dark grey overalls of Outer Party members. Across his back and chest, POW style, is lettered in white: AZ 6090 - SMITH, W.)

CUT CAM:

(C.S. Telescreen on wall. This instrument has two components: the upper one similar to a large-size television screen of 1954; the lower a large, protruding "bullseye" lens with a spot of light travelling constantly round the circumference like the rolling pupil of an eye.

Both are enclosed in a casing of moulded metal or plastic.

The electric "eye" suddenly stops revolving. And the while lens glows. A voice - harsh, flat and metallic - speaks from the telescreen)

TELESCREEN: KZ 6090, Smith, W.

CUT CAM: (WINSTON spins round guiltily)

Face the telescreen!

(He does so)

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Fade background murmur.

CUT CAM: TELESCREEN: You have been at the window of bay 2 of the Records Department for over eighty seconds. What are you doing there?

CUT CAM: WINSTON: (confusedly indicating wall-case) I came for a replacement valve - for my speakwrite.

TELESCREEN: (O.S.) Your speakwrite - ceased to function?

WINSTON: Yes. Just now.

(He opens door of case)

TELESCREEN: You should have notified the fault.

WINSTON: (valve in hand) Only a moment's work. I've found the right type of valve -

TELESCREEN: (sharply) Put it back!

(WINSTON freezes, then does as ordered)

You know it would have been brought to your work cubicle on request.

CUT CAM: (On Telescreen)

This irregularity has been recorded. Return to your cubicle, Smith.

(Glow in lens dies, and scanning spot resumes motion)

CUT CAM: (WINSTON walks forward from window)

MIX TELECINE:

1. Door marked "Inner Party Members only". It opens as WINSTON comes into shot, and O'BRIEN emerges - a large, burly man in the light grey uniform of the Inner Party. His name and number, O'BRIEN, O. PKL 412 are braided discreetly on the left breast, like medal-ribbons. He watches WINSTON pass with a look of what might be sympathetic amusement. WINSTON catches his eye uncomfortably and goes on.

2. L.S. Records Department: A long narrow room lined with occupied working cubicles. The only window - at the far end - is the one we have seen, by the open space near the big telescreen. WINSTON walks slowly between rows of cubicles.

3. C.S. man in another cubicle, looks furtively up from his speakwrite as WINSTON passes.

4. As 3.

5. A small middle-aged woman, as 3.

6. Pan WINSTON into his own cubicle. He sits, looks across desk.

7. Small telescreen on wall behind WINSTON's desk, seen over his shoulder. Its lens is glowing.

TELESCREEN: KZ 6090, Smith, W. The repair to your apparatus will be executed immediately.

CUT CAM:

(WINSTON sits still as maintenance man - also in dark grey overalls - comes into shot, flips up casing of speakwrite, and expertly exchanges small valve. The speakwrite, in its streamlined casing, is rather smaller than a portable typewriter, and is supported on a long arm so that it can be pulled towards the operator or pushed quickly back against the wall.

It has as external features only a mouthpiece on a flexible metal tube, and a metal scoop to receive the paper strip that emerges like ticker-tape from a slit in the side of the machine. On the desk itself; near the side wall is a box-like object with a small loudspeaker embedded in it, a slot and a switch - this performs the opposite function to that of the speakwrite, and audibly decodes messages pressed into the slot. The wall at WINSTON's side holds a pneumatic tube for receiving and despatching messages, and a large oblong slit protected by a wire grating - "FOR DESTRUCTION".

A calendar shows date - 8th April, 1984.

The technician goes. A metal cylinder clatters down the pneumatic tube, and WINSTON removes and opens it. He takes out a tightly folded copy of the "Times" and a message - record - a tiny metal cylinder. This he slips into its socket in the machine at his elbow, and switches on. He unrolls the Times and we see it has the same titlepiece as in 1954, but consists only of a small double sheet. The price is 10 cents. From the machine comes a grinding, inhuman voice, low in volume, but clear)

VOICE: Correction required as follows? the Times of the 17th March, 1984 - copy sent herewith - contains report of speech by Big Brother.

(WINSTON finds marked place on second page)

He is alleged to have predicted that Eurasian forces would launch attack in North Africa. Please rectify in accordance with facts.

(WINSTON switches off speaker. As he turns back to paper, he stiffens. O'BRIEN stands beside him. He has a coarse, humurous, brutal face, and a curious charm of manner)

O'BRIEN: Good evening. Your technical fault has been put right?

WINSTON: Yes. I'm able to go on now.

O'BRIEN: (re-settles his rimless spectacles and looks over WINSTON's shoulder at Times) "In his broadcast speech last night, Big Brother referred in confident terms to the probability of a large-scale Eurasian offensive early next month. 'There is now no possible doubt,' he said. 'It will be launched in North Africa. Other fronts are expected to remain quiet.'" ... An extraordinary error.

WINSTON: (without expression) The speech was evidently misreported.

O'BRIEN: (also expressionless) Grossly misreported, since the offensive in fact came in India.

WINSTON: (glancing at him) South India. Three days ago.

O'BRIEN: Exactly. Such a careless report ...

(He catches WINSTON's eye fleetingly)

... must not exist.

(He goes, WINSTON looks after him for a moment, then turns to speakwrite, pulls mouthpiece towards him)

WINSTON: (speaking slowly and very distinctly) Routine correction to Times of 17th March, 1984, where shown. (Pause) "In his broadcast speech last night, Big Brother referred in confident terms to the probability of a large-scale Eurasian offensive early next month. 'There is no possible doubt,' he said. 'It will be launched in South India. Other parts are expected to remain quiet.'" (Pause) Reprint entire back number ... and file.

(As he dictates, the speakwrite emits a steady buzz, and a narrow strip of paper issues from it - not in jerks as from 1954 teleprinter, but in a continuous flow.

(At the end of message, WINSTON switches off, tears off paper strip, and deftly clips it to the copy of the Times. He is folding this up to return it to the pneumatic tube when another message clatters down. Before he is quite ready to exchange one tube for the other, the telescreen rings out a gong-like signal)

CUT CAM: (C.U. Telescreen)

TELESCREEN: Stand by. Everyone - complete what you are now doing, and stand by. There are ..... seconds to go before the Two Minutes' Hate.

(Again the gong-note)

CUT CAM: (WINSTON is working feverishly, opening the second cylinder and removing another copy of the Times. It also is accompanied by a recorded message, and WINSTON slips this into its slot after pushing the previous one into the slot marked "FOR DESTRUCTION")

VOICE: (as before) Correction required as follows: the Times of 19th December 1983 contains report of statement by the Ministry of Plenty.

(WINSTON finds it on front page)

Refers to - quote - categorical pledge - unquote - of no reduction in chocolate ration during 1984. Please rectify.

(WINSTON automatically switches it off, while searching with other hand in a thin looseleaf book obviously containing daily information hand-outs. From the telescreen comes a quiet flow of warming-up music with a military flavour)

WINSTON: (finding it) Thirty grammes a week reduced to twenty ... (He jerks mouthpiece of speakwrite towards him) Routine correction to Times of 19th December 1983 - where shown - (Pause)

WINSTON: (cont) "A spokesman for the Ministry of Plenty stated last night that it will be necessary to reduce the chocolate ration to twenty grammes in April." (Pause) Re-print entire back number.

(He switches off, tears off paper strip, and at feverish haste goes through same routine as before. As he does so, shadows fall across cubicle of people passing, and he looks up. A buzz of excited chatter grows, and sound of chairs being moved.

The Music from the telescreen rises in volume and intensity)

CUT TELECINE:

1. L.S. Records Department. Workers leaving cubicles, coming towards camera.

2. Open space by large telescreen. We see only a few of the large crowd who are assembling here, moving steel chairs into position, facing the telescreen.

CUT CAM: (Several chairs facing obliquely towards camera. One or two workers are already seated, and we see O'BRIEN sitting down in one of rear rows. In second row is SYME of the Research Department - a tiny man with large protuberant eyes, at once mournful and derisive. WINSTON enters shot to sit in front row. As he does so, he catches SYME's eye, and they exchange a nod before WINSTON sits)

CUT CAM: TELESCREEN: (eye moving, then glowing) Final warning. Stand by, comrades, for Two Minutes' Hate!

CUT CAM: (WINSTON looks straight ahead of him at the screen. JULIA enters shot - a bold-looking girl of about 25, with thick dark hair and swift athletic movements. She wears same uniform as others, plus the chequered cummerbund of the Anti-Sex League.

(She has a choice of two places - either by WINSTON or in row behind. She chooses that by him, and sits with a sidelong look at him. Another woman, small and grey-haired, takes seat behind. WINSTON turns, finds JULIA looking at him. His eyes drop uncomfortably)

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
A hideous grinding screech, like a machine running without oil.

(At this sound from the telescreen, all are jolted into attention)

CUT CAM:
INLAY TELECINE:

(The "eye" of the telescreen is revolving again, and now the screen above it flickers into life: a close shot of a Eurasian soldier carrying tommygun. The film on the telescreen tracks in to C.U. of soldier smiling insolently)

TELESCREEN: This is the face of our enemy! Look at him - the Eurasian butcher, the reveller in atrocities, the world-criminal!

CUT CAM:

(First stirrings of emotion in group. One or two involuntary hisses and mutterings)

(O.S.) This is the enemy our brave soldiers fight - in the jungles and the deserts, and the polar snows! This is the enemy against whom our brave sailors man the Floating Fortresses! This is the enemy we can see!

(The background music rising to a crescendo)

But ... worse than he ... is the enemy within ... the Enemy of the People!

(Cries of fury burst from the audience disjointedly)

AUDIENCE: Goldstein! Goldstein!

(CUT CAM:

(TELECINE INLAID:

TELESCREEN: Emmanuel - Goldstein!

(The Eurasian soldier's face gives place to that of GOLDSTEIN - a lean Jewish face with a great fuzzy aureole of white hair and a small goatee beard, spectacles perched on the long thin nose. He looks doubtfully over them, then consults notes in his hand. As soon as he appears, the audience's angry exclamations intensify)

Traitor to the Party! - arch-conspirator! - leader of the accursed Brotherhood! - director of spies and sabateurs! - this is he! For Goldstein we can feel only one thing -

CUT CAM:

AUDIENCE: Hate! Hate!

TELESCREEN: (O.S.) Hate for Goldstein because he would stab us in the back!

AUDIENCE: Hate!

TELESCREEN: (O.S.) Because from his hiding-place he helps and directs our Eurasian enemies!

AUDIENCE: Hate! Hate!

(WINSTON, slower to react than the others, finds himself joining in)

CUT TELECINE: (NOT INLAID)

1. GOLDSTEIN as shown on telescreen. He looks up, notes in hand, and settles spectacles on nose.

TELESCREEN: And now in this film which has fallen into the hands of the Party, hear the voice of the traitor himself!

GOLDSTEIN: (shrilly) The Revolution has been betrayed. (And on "betrayed" his voice assumes a bleating quality)

CUT CAM:

AUDIENCE: Liar! Traitor! Listen to him! "Betray-ay-ay-ayed!" Etc.

CUT TELECINE:

GOLDSTEIN: I was one of the leaders of that Revolution, so who should know better the ideals for which we fought?

AUDIENCE: (O.S.) Traitor! Traitor! Saboteur! Traitor!

CUT CAM:

GOLDSTEIN: Here in enforced and undeserved exile, I weep to hear of the ruin of all our hopes.

CUT CAM:

AUDIENCE: Liar! Saboteur! Listen to him! Hypocrite! Go on - weep then!

CUT TELECINE:

GOLDSTEIN: Where today is the freedom that was promised to Oceania? There is no freedom of speech - no freedom of thought - no freedom of assembly - no freedom of the press - (On each "freedom" the bleat recurs)

CUT CAM:

AUDIENCE: (mocking) Free-ee-eedom! (Chanted) Freedom is slavery! Freedom is slavery! Freedom is slavery!

GOLDSTEIN: (O.S.) What remains of the ideal of peace? Universal peace? Peace with our neighbours - peace to till the soil - peace -

(The word "Peace" has hardly had time to register when the chanted slogan changes)

AUDIENCE: Peace! Peace! War is peace - War is peace - War is peace!

(WINSTON is as excited as the others now)

GOLDSTEIN: (O.S. squealing) The whole of Oceania is plunged into ignorance! - Universal and abysmal ignorance! Ignorance even of the most elemental -

AUDIENCE: Ignorance is Strength! Ignorance is Strength!

CUT TELECINE:

GOLDSTEIN: The dictatorship of the Party must be overthrown!

AUDIENCE: (O.S.) Cannibal! War is peace! Filthy traitor!

GOLDSTEIN: I call on the people to destroy the tyrant who calls himself Big Brother!

CUT CAM:

AUDIENCE: (berserk) Fiend! Cannibal! Down with Goldstein! Filthy!

JULIA: (standing, fists clenched and shaking with rage) Swine! Swine! Swine!

WINSTON: (stamping one foot violently) Down with Goldstein! Down with the enemies of the Party!

(Track in on WINSTON)

AUDIENCE: Down with Goldstein! Kill him! Smash him! Torture him! Tear him to pieces!

WINSTON: (C.U.) Hate! Hate! I hate him! I hate him! I hate - (He grinds his teeth)

(Out studio sound)

(Recorded) (On echo) I hate ... Big Brother.

(A shocked look comes on WINSTON's face, and the tension in it gives way to fear, furtiveness. He claps a hand to his head, forces himself)

(Studio sound on)

Down with - Goldstein!

(Track back to take in group, shouting)

AUDIENCE: Goldstein the murderer! Down with the Enemy of the People! Kill the Traitor! Swine! Liar! Fool - fool!

(Some of the audience, speechless with emotion, are capable only of frenzied animal shouts. O'BRIEN sits up straight in his chair, chest heaving. This is the climax of the Hate)

CUT TELECINE:

GOLDSTEIN: Remember what I say! I am speaking the truth! I appeal to the people to follow me! Follow me! (The "me" is almost a bleat)

Instead of GOLDSTEIN, the face dissolves to that of a sheep.

(An actual bleat)

DISSOLVE to GOLDSTEIN.

GOLDSTEIN: Follow me-ee-ee ... Or die!

GOLDSTEIN throws up his arms threateningly. Cut to Eurasian soldier, sub-machinegun in his hands, firing as he advances to cover frame.

(Sound of gun growing to deafening pitch. When it stops in blackout, there is hushed silence)

FADE UP face of BIG BROTHER.

CUT CAM:

(The audience is rapt. A little whimper of relief bursts from the grey-haired woman. She extends her arms)

WOMAN: Oh ... Big Brother!

OTHERS: You watch over us! You save us! You help us!

(The woman sags forward, her hands on the back of the chair in front)

OTHERS: Our protector! Big Brother! Our guide ...

(A momentary hush, then all break into a slow rhythmic chant)

AUDIENCE: B-B! ... B-B! ... B-B! ... B-B! ...

CUT CAM:

(Telescreen, its "eye" revolving, and on its screen the motionless face of BIG BROTHER)

CUT CAM:

(C.U. WINSTON. His lips move with the others, but self-consciously and with ill-concealed discomfort. As the chanting slowly dies away, he rises.

Track back as he turns, looks up. O'BRIEN has also risen. He looks at WINSTON, catching his eye. For a fleeting instant there is the suspicion of a smile on O'BRIEN's lips. For the last time he murmurs with the rest: "B-B!" and turns away.

WINSTON turns towards camera, now acutely conscious that JULIA has her eyes on him again. He moves forward to end of row)

WINSTON: Syme.

SYME: (at end of row behind) Smith - what is it?

WINSTON: Are you - going to the canteen?

SYME: Of course.

WINSTON: I'll join you if you don't mind.

(They go. JULIA into shot, looking after them. Then she follows, with others of the audience)

MIX TELECINE:

1. Queue at canteen counter. Large card on wall: "Regulation Meal. Stew - bread - cheese. 15 cents. Victory Gin extra."

   WINSTON and SYME near camera. They take small metal trays from rack.

(General clatter of canteen)

SYME: By the way, Smith - I suppose you haven't got any razor blades?

WINSTON: (with a sort of guilty haste) Not one! I've tried all over the place. They don't exist any longer. (He turns to front)

SYME: (with a sidelong look) Sometimes people have a few hoarded away.

WINSTON: (mutters) I've been using the same blade for weeks.

   The queue shuffles forward.

2. White aproned Prole woman behind counter, ladling stew into bowls and pushing them forward.

WOMAN: Now please - come along there.

3. WINSTON at counter.

WINSTON: (hesitating) Which - er - ?

WOMAN: (points with ladle) Them's stew with salt - them's stew without.

WINSTON takes one of bowls, moves on. A second Prole woman quickly hands the rest of the regulation lunch on to his tray.

4. C.U. tray as piece of coarse bread and cube of cheese are put on it. A spoon is added, but no plate.

5. WINSTON at counter. Prole woman turns to collection of small handleless china mugs identified as "Victory Gin. 10. c." WINSTON produces money.

The Prole woman drops money in an open wooden tray. There is no till. WINSTON turns to SYME.

WINSTON: Any gin today? Oh - give me one.

... twenty-five cents altogether.

... There's a free table under that telescreen.

SYME: I'll join you.

CUT CAM: Canteen. Day.

(Table in corner of canteen. There are three chairs round it, and part of a second table can just be seen in shot: the middle-aged woman from the Records Department is sitting there, gulping stew. WINSTON comes into shot, puts tray on table, sits. He does not empty tray as food is eaten directly off it. He gulps down the gin, shudders)

SYME: (into shot) You looked in need of that. The Two Minutes' Hate can be quite exhausting. Did you go to see the prisoners hanged yesterday?

WINSTON: I was working. The telescreens are bound to show it soon. (He begins eating stew)

SYME: A very inadequate substitute.

(Drinks gin. His eyes search WINSTON's face as WINSTON eats)

It was a good hanging. I think it spoils it when they tie their feet together. I like to see them kicking, and above all at the end, the tongue sticking straight out -

(WINSTON drops his spoon down in bowl, about to protest, then remembers, half-glances upwards)

CUT CAM: (Telescreen "eye" revolving)

CUT CAM:

WINSTON: I'm sorry I missed it.

SYME: Yes. How's the stew today?

WINSTON: (looks down at bowl with loathing) All right. (He forces himself to pick up spoon) It's - very good. You're hard at work on the dictionary, I suppose?

SYME: (nods) I've reached the adjectives at last. It's fascinating working in the Research Department. (Another gulp of stew) We're in constant touch with our colleagues in New York. Getting the language into its final shape. (Savouring the word) Newspeak!

WINSTON: I can see we'll have a busy time when it becomes compulsory. Learning all the new words your department's invented for us.

SYME: We don't only invent. We're destroying words - scores of them, hundreds every day. It's beautiful -

WINSTON: Beautiful?

SYME: The simplicity of it, of course. Oh - for an example just take the word "good". If you have that, what need for the word "bad"? "Ungood" does just as well. And instead of a string of vague extra words like "excellent" and "splendid", you have "plusgood", or, stronger still, "doubleplusgood". In Newspeak the whole notion of goodness and badness will be covered by only six words - in reality only one word. Don't you see the beauty of that, Winston? (He pauses excitedly, adds hastily) It was B.B's idea originally, of course.

WINSTON: Oh, I do my best to keep with the published changes.

SYME: (almost coldly) Do you? I've read some of those little pieces you've had published in the Times occasionally.

WINSTON: In Newspeak.

SYME: Good in their way. But only - translations. You were still thinking in Oldspeak, clinging to useless shades of meaning.

WINSTON: (softly) "To be or not to be - "

SYME: The verb "to be" is abolished in the eleventh Edition -

WINSTON: " ... that is the question."

SYME: Oh - Shakespeare.

WINSTON: "Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer - the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, or to - or to - " (He breaks off) I forget how it goes.

SYME: It doesn't matter. By the year 2050 the whole literature of the past will have gone. Chaucer, Milton, Byron - they'll exist only in Newspeak forms. As they are, they could only do us harm.

WINSTON: Harm?

SYME: By confusing us. You know the Newspeak phrase. "Oldthinkers unbellyfeel Ingsoc"? "Oldthinkers" - you're one. "Unbellyfeel" - lack a deep emotional understanding of ... Ingsoc.

WINSTON: English Socialism.

SYME: A meaning it's completely lost. You see? You can't translate Newspeak. Even the Party slogans are changing. How can you say "freedom is slavery" when the word "freedom" no longer exists?

(WINSTON moves his chair, conscious that someone is trying to move into chair at next table)

WINSTON: Sorry, am I in your way? I'll move ... my chair ... (The words die away as he sees who it is)

CUT CAM:

(JULIA taking seat at next table. She looks at WINSTON sharply for a moment, then turns away and sits)

CUT OAM:

SYME: (eagerly) Now you see, Winston - this is the point - (He waits for WINSTON to turn)

(WINSTON's face is blank, alarmed)

The whole aim of Newspeak is to narrow the range of thought.

WINSTON: (absently) Narrow the range of thought ...

SYME: In the end we'll make thought-crime literally impossible because - there'll be no words to express it.

WINSTON: (conscious of JULIA) Excellent. But even now there's no excuse for thought-crime. It's just a question of reality-control, of self-discipline -

SYME: When Newspeak is perfect and compulsory, there won't be the need even for that. The Revolution will be complete. (With a sort of mystical satisfaction) Have you thought - in seventy years or so there'll be nobody alive who could understand this conversation we're having.

WINSTON: Except - (He stops)

SYME: Except - the proles? (Shakes his head) They're not human - look at that creature with the ladle. "Nex' please'. This stew's got salt-in, an' this lot 'asn't". Thoughts like that don't need simplifying - (He breaks off, disgustedly) Oh, here's Parsons.

(He turns away, pulls a sheet of paper from his pocket, and a ballpen, hides behind an appearance of being busy.

PARSONS enters shot - a tubby but brisk man with the air of a little boy grown large)

PARSONS: Hullo, hullo. Mind if I join you? (He takes the unoccupied chair, nudging WINSTON as he points to SYME) Look at him working away in the Supper Hour. Keenness, eh? What's that you've got there, old boy?

SYME: (glowers) It's a special new grammatical -

PARSONS: Something a bit too brainy for me, I expect!

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Distant V2 explosion

(They look up)

PARSONS: Rocket bomb. On one of the prole sectors, by the sound of it. (Mutters) Eurasian swine! (Turns to WINSTON) Smith, old boy, I'll tell you why I'm chasing you. It's that sub you forgot to give me.

WINSTON: (feeling for money) Another one?

PARSONS: For Hate Week. The house-by-house Fund. (To SYME who is ignoring him, pointing thumb at WINSTON) Poor old Smith - having the treasurer for a next-door neighbour! (To WINSTON) It won't be my fault if old Victory Mansions doesn't have the biggest outfit of flags in the whole street ... Two dollars you promised me.

WINSTON: Sorry, I don't seem to have that much on me ...

PARSONS: Oh. (Looks at table) You chaps eat too well, that's what it is. (Picks up cube of cheese)

WINSTON: Suppose I call in with it tonight?

PARSONS: All right. Nobody want this cheese?

(As WINSTON shakes his head, he puts it in his mouth and chews)

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
A trumpet-call rings out

(PARSONS stops chewing instantly, all attention. He, SYME and WINSTON look up)

CUT CAM: (Telescreen, its 'eye' revolving)

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Trumpet-call repeated

TELESCREEN: Comrades - attention! Here is glorious news!

CUT CAM: (WINSTON, PARSONS and SYME all sit attentively. There is silence in the canteen)

(O.S.) An announcement from the Ministry of Plenty reveals that over the past year, our standard of living has risen by no less than twenty per cent!

(PARSONS gives a grunt of deep satisfaction, smiles and nods at the others. He has dragged out an ancient utility pipe, now looks at the charred contents of the bowl, pokes them about with a match before trying to light them. Most of the matches (damped) fail to strike, but he keeps trying)

All over Oceania today there have been spontaneous demonstrations to thank Big Brother for our new, happy life. As announced in our last bulletin, there has been a change in the chocolate ration ...

(WINSTON, who knows what it is, sighs. PARSONS is blankly expectant, SYME puzzled)

... an increase! To twenty grammes a week!

WINSTON: Increase - !

PARSONS: (the first to recover) Hear that? Isn't it wonderful! (He nudges SYME, who nods) My kiddies'll be glad.

TELESCREEN: (O.S.) Now here are some details of increased output in other consumer goods:
Reduced coal powder, 132 per cent over last year.
Leather boots, 17 per cent.
Utility boots, 185 per cent ...

(Track in on WINSTON, his face showing a trace of the bitterness he is unable to hide completely)

Cooking pots, 30 per cent.
Utility flatirons, 67 per cent.
Carpet brushes, 40 per cent ...

(Reaching C.U., fade studio sound)

VOICE OF WINSTON: (recorded, on echo) Can they believe it all? (He glances at his companions) The chocolate ration was reduced to twenty grammes, only yesterday. Yes, they believe it. Doublethink. They make themselves believe it. "Our new happy life!" Grease and grime ... the smell of dirty clothes and synthetic gin ... and that stew! Careful ... facecrime! (He composes his face)

(Fade up studio sound)

TELESCREEN: (O.S.)
Wooden scaffolding, 259 per cent.
Utility non-galvanised buckets, 53 per cent ...

CUT CAM: (On Telescreen)

Razor blades 141 per cent.
And semi-mechanical excavators for clearing bombed areas, 14 per cent.
That is the end of the Ministry of Plenty announcement.

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Repeat trumpet call

CUT CAM: PARSONS: (stroking chin appreciatively) Miniplenty have certainly done a good job this year ... (Suddenly conscious of what is he stroking, but without the least consciouness of humour) By the way, Smith old boy, I suppose you haven't any razor blades to spare? Till there are more on sale -

WINSTON: Sorry. Been using the same one for six weeks.

PARSONS: (rising) Ah well - just thought I'd ask. Coming over to the Community Centre? Syme?

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
F/U background canteen noise, as if activity slowly resuming.

(SYME puts his pencil away)

Just as well to look in - there might be something doing about Hate Week.

(SYME rises)

D'you know, I haven't missed a single evening at the Centre in four years.

SYME: Really?

PARSONS: It's a fact. Now then, Smith - look alive!

(As WINSTON does not move; faintly incredulous)

You're coming too, aren't you?

WINSTON: No. I've some work to do at home. (Hastily) Ah article.

PARSONS: (doubtfully) Oh.

SYME: Goodnight, Winston.

(He and PARSONS go. WINSTON picks up gin mug, drains dredgs, leans back casually in chair. He turns, inch by inch, towards the other table)

CUT CAM:

(JULIA is sitting bolt upright, her back to WINSTON. She has finished her meal - her hands are resting on the table. Her attitude is alert, watchful. Before she can see him looking at her, WINSTON swings round again, now convinced there is no mistake. She is watching him)

CUT CAM:

GRAMS.
A series of short whistle-blasts

TELESCREEN: (O.S.) The Canteen is now closing. Leave the tables, please, without delay. Clear the canteen! Clear the canteen!

(WINSTON rises as soon as the whistle goes, glad of the excuse. He comes from the table briskly and leaves.

Track in on JULIA as she turns, watching him go)

MIX TELECINE:

1. Giant poster of Big Brother. WINSTON into shot, hunched against cold: he wears only the thinnest black plastic mac - stencilled on back with name and number. Pan him past poster and hold him as he goes up bombed and empty street.

2. Exactly as 1, but with poster in a different street.

3. High angle on to poster. Pan off it on to WINSTON as he approaches. As he passes poster he looks up at it. Hold him as he goes along pavement and turns in at entrance to a badly bomb-damaged block of houses.

4. WINSTON entering doorway past decayed plate "VICTORY MANSIONS". He closes door behind him.

5. Hallway, dark and ruinous. On wall, O.S., is a wooden board headed "REGISTER OF OCCUPANTS"; opposite each name on it is an "in/out" slot with a movable marker in it. WINSTON into shot, flips the marker opposite his name across to "IN". He takes from hook, beside name, a crude wedge-shaped key with a large number tag attached, hotel-style. He starts up stairs.

MIX CAM: WINSTON's Flat. Evening.

(C.S. Telescreen, its "eye" revolving. It is set in wall, and its screen shows a still of Big Brother. Track back to take in room, panning slowly towards door.

The flat is not "modern" to 1984, as we might expect. The few items of furniture are battered remnants such as might have served to furnish tenement rooms thirty years earlier. There are no closed cupboards; to the wall are fixed two or three bare shelves holding a half-empty bottle of Victory Gin, some very old shoes, and carefully hoarded oddments like string and wrapping paper. There are no books.

Panning over the cracked, plaster-fallen walls, we reach the door - practically the only new fitting. This is cut away at top and bottom like one in a public lavatory, and has a large clumsy lock reminiscent of the same place.

It unlocks with a loud click, and WINSTON enters. He pulls out the key, puts catch on lock, and closes door. He drops the key wearily on the bare table, and peels off his mac. He shivers, then collects himself with a quick glance at the telescreen.

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Quiet military music

WINSTON goes to shelf, takes down the bottle of Victory Gin. He finds a badly chipped cup - handleless - and slops a generous measure of gin into it. He gulps it straight down, and chokes; recovers, breathing hard. The stuff appears to have some warming action)

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Trumpet Call

(WINSTON turns to look at the Telescreen)

CUT CAM: TELESCREEN: Attention, comrades! Attention! Here is a supplamentary production bulletin issued by the Ministry of Plenty, giving further glorious news of the success of the Seventh Three-Year Plan!

CUT CAM: (On WINSTON)

(O.S.) In clear demonstration of the rising standard of our new, happy life, the latest calculated increases are as follows:

(WINSTON swallows the last of the gin, puts cup down. His face has a look of inane expectancy as he faces the Telescreen)

(O.S.) Domestic utility furniture 97 per cent.
Electric light fittings, 60 per cent.
Domestic glassware, 129 per cent.
Non-utility furniture, 82 per cent ...

(WINSTON starts moving O.S. in direction of Telescreen)

CUT CAM: (WINSTON into shot past Telescreen, to a small recess or alcove in the wall beside it. The marks of roughly removed bookshelves indicate the original purpose of this recess. WINSTON sits at a chair by a small table, carefully checking his position in relation to the Telescreen, then slides open the draw of the table, being careful to make no noise)

(O.S.) Utility metal mirrors, 41 per cent.
Carpets, 22 per cent.
Reading matter, 9.5 per cent.
Building materials, no less than 367 per cent!
Non-utility lampshades, 80 per cent.
Domestic utility cutlery, 47 per cent.

(From the drawer, WINSTON removes an exercise book, quarto size - thick, leather-bound, with a rich, marbled cover. He holds it in his hands, admiring it, running his hands over it. Then he opens it, flicks over the blank pages. He presses it open at the first page, removes a thick pencil from the drawer. With an air of daring decision, he begins to print, slowly, clumsily, like a child making its first letters)

CUT TELECINE:
O.U. Diary open at first page. WINSTON's hands in shot. With pencil he is printing:

"DIARY OF WINSTON SMITH"
1984

TELESCREEN: (cont. O.S.) Children's educational toys, 33 per cent. Canvas boots, 192 per cent. Heavy gauge domestic string, 20 per cent. Medium gauge domestic string, 15.5 per cent. Pig iron, no less than 229 per cent. That is the end of the supplementary bulletin from the Ministry of Plenty. We now continue our programme of military music.

GRAMS. Disc: Band: Military music, held under

CUT CAM:

(WINSTON sits up, looking at his handiwork. Suddenly there is a knock at the door. He is terrified, freezes. He replaces the pencil and book in the drawer, and begins closing it, but the slight scraping noise deters him. He stands up, in front of table. The knock is repeated)

MRS. PARSONS: (O.S.) Mr. Smith - are you there?

WINSTON: (relieved) Oh ... Mrs. Parsons. (He goes to door, opens it)

(She is a crushed-looking woman, her face lined. Her voice is a whine)

MRS. PARSONS: Comrade, I thought I heard you come in. Can you spare a minute to look at our sink? It's got blocked and ... you see, Tom isn't home yet.

WINSTON: (a quick glance back at the open drawer) No ... he said he was going to the Community Centre.

MRS. PARSONS: Of course.

WINSTON: I'll see what I can do.

MRS. PARSONS: (leading the way) It's making me late with the children's supper, and - you know what they're like. Such a trial, those two ...

MIX CAM: PARSONS's flat. Night.

(Close shot, over sink, of PARSONS' girl. She is savagely jabbing a long wire down plughole. A thin, sly child of about ten, she is dressed in the uniform of the spies - black shirt and grey neckerchief: on each shoulder is a flash consisting of the word "SPY" and under it a large embroidered eye, staring and black-lashed. A similar emblem on the left breast, with name and number "KPH6521. PARSONS, H." beneath the eye. She wears a small forage cap.

The drainboard is stacked with filthy, chipped dishes. The PARSONS telescreen can be heard playing, as in WINSTON's flat)

PARSONS GIRL: (panting and scowling) It won't! It won't empty! And there'll not be any plates washed, to eat off! The very night I've got to be early at the Youth Centre! (She splashes viciously in the grey water that covers the bottom of the sink)

CUT CAM:

(The PARSONS BOY is a couple of years younger than his sister. He is also in uniform of spies, but his shirt is unbuttoned and he wears no cap. He is sitting on chair, book on knee, and now claps his hands over his ears)

PARSONS BOY: I'm trying to learn my lessons. (Reads, very loudly) "In the old days, before the glorious Revolution, London was not the beautiful city we know today. It was a dark, dirty, miserable place ..."

CUT CAM:

(PARSONS GIRL stops jabbing, stands thinking)

(O.S.) ... "where scarcely anybody had enough to eat. Children had to work 12 hours a day for cruel masters who flogged them with whips if ..."

PARSONS GIRL: I know what's happened! Somebody's done something to this. They must have sneaked in when we've all been away - filthy traitors!

PARSONS BOY: (into shot, awed) Blocked it up on purpose?

PARSONS GIRL: Yes!

PARSONS BOY: Who?

PARSONS GIRL: I'll find out! And when I do -

(PARSONS BOY grins delightedly. MRS. PARSONS enters with WINSTON. PARSONS GIRL swings round)

Where have you been? Leaving me here! D'you want me to go to the Youth Centre without any supper? And tell them you don't feed me? Eh?

MRS. PARSONS: (distressed) Oh no, dear -

PARSONS GIRL: After all I've done this afternoon -

MRS. PARSONS: Oh yes, dear - (To WINSTON) She was such a brave, clever girl - a real child hero as they say. She actually managed to -

PARSONS GIRL: (screams) Don't tell him about it! Don't you dare!

MRS. PARSONS: (obediently) No, dear. Mr. Smith's come to fix the sink for us.

WINSTON: Yes - I'll just take a look. Mind if I borrow that piece of wire?

(GIRL snatches it behind her back)

Very well ... (He gropes distastefully for the plughole)

PARSONS GIRL: Who said you could interfere?

MRS. PARSONS: I asked him to help, dear -

PARSONS GIRL: Shut up!

WINSTON: Mrs. Parsons, I'll need a bucket.

MRS. PARSONS: (going) Yes - there's one in the bedroom, to catch water coming through the ceiling.

(WINSTON crouches to examine angle-joint beneath sink)

PARSONS GIRL: You'd better leave it alone.

WINSTON: Why?

(PARSONS GIRL's face is expressionless)

PARSONS BOY: (into shot) She thinks it's sabotage.

WINSTON: Oh, does she?

PARSONS BOY: (reading) "The rich men were called capitalists. They were fat ugly men with wicked faces like the one shown on the opposite page". (Holds book towards WINSTON point) Look at his funny shiny hat!

WINSTON: Yes.

PARSONS BOY: That was their uniform. You're old - did you ever see a capitalist?

WINSTON: I don't remember.

(He takes spanner from pocket, tries it on joint. As he does so, he catches PARSONS GIRL's eye, staring at him)

PARSONS BOY: (O.S.) "The capitalists owned everything in the world. If anyone disobeyed them they could throw him into prison".

PARSONS GIRL: (to WINSTON) What are you doing?

WINSTON: It's quite simple. Just slacken this nut, let the water run out, and nine times out of ten you can get at the obstruction.

PARSONS GIRL: You do know a lot, don't you? (Softly) About our sink.

WINSTON: They're all the same in these old flats ...

PARSONS BOY: (light dawning) You mean it was him that did it!

(MRS. PARSONS returns with bucket)

MRS. PARSONS: Here you are, Mr. Smith -

PARSONS GIRL: Don't! Don't do anything to help him!

MRS. PARSONS: What's the matter?

(Half-amused, WINSTON takes the bucket from her, puts it under the sink and works quickly with spanner. PARSONS BOY unclips long truncheon from belt)

PARSONS BOY: (mutters) Traitor! Saboteur! Criminal! Goldsteinist!

PARSONS GIRL: (gloating) Face the telescreen, comrade.

(WINSTON looks at her, but does so. He opens pipe and water pours into bucket)

In a moment he's going to show us what he blocked the pipe with!

MRS. PARSONS: Oh no ... not Mr. Smith!

PARSONS GIRL: Show us what's in the pipe!

(Grimacing, WINSTON inserts his fingers in the now empty pipe. He draws out a slimy clot of hair)

WINSTON: Hair. Reddish, most of it. (To PARSONS GIRL) Like yours. See? (To MRS. PARSONS) You'll need to be careful, washing their heads over the sink. (He smiles)

OUT CAM:

(PARSONS GIRL is shaking with disappointment and rage)

PARSONS GIRL: Don't you laugh at me! They didn't laugh at me this afternoon! They didn't!

WINSTON: What happened ... this afternoon?

PARSONS GIRL: I won a medal!

(As she shouts this, defiantly, almost crying, PARSONS enters)

PARSONS: Hullo, hullo! Smith! Now, what's this? Who won a medal?

PARSONS GIRL: I did.

PARSONS: (delighted) What?

MRS. PARSONS: Oh, Tom - she was out with her troop of spies, on a country hike -

PARSONS: Let's sit down and hear all about it. (Doing so)

MRS. PARSONS: And she got two others girls to go with her and they slipped off from the hike -

PARSONS: (uneasy at this unorthodoxy) Why did they do that?

PARSONS GIRL: We were following this strange man I saw.

PARSONS: Oh?

PARSONS GIRL: I was sure he was some sort of enemy agent. Parachuted, perhaps - he was a foreigner.

WINSTON: How d'you know.

PARSONS GIRL: Well he - he was wearing a funny kind of shoes. I never saw anybody with shoes like that before.

PARSONS: (to WINSTON) Pretty smart, eh? That's sharp eyes for you. (To GIRL) Go on - you trailed him?

PARSONS GIRL: For two whole hours. And when we got to Barnet we told the patrols.

WINSTON: And then?

PARSONS GIRL: (triumphantly) They arrested him, of course. They took him away - to the Ministry of Love!

WINSTON: (chilled) The Ministry of Love -

PARSONS: Oho, he'll be for it there!

WINSTON: On her word ...

PARSONS: What a clever girl! That deserves a medal if anything does!

WINSTON: Yes.

PARSONS: It'll be on all the telescreens tomorrow! (To girl) And they'll want you down at the Youth Centre, won't they?

PARSONS GIRL: (remembering) Yes - I've got to go! I've got to - (Pointing at her mother) - and she hasn't given me my supper!

PARSONS: What's that!

MRS. PARSONS: Oh dear, it was that bother with the sink. Mr. Smith - ?

WINSTON: (quickly) You can use it now.

(She clatters dishes)

PARSONS: (to his wife) Get her supper right away.

(He pats girl's head. She looks coldly at him)

Oh, my - we've something to be proud of now - Victory Mansions' own child hero! (Excitedly tugging leaflets out of his pockets) Oh, and I've got a whole lot of leaflets about the Hate Week effort - handed out tonight at the Community Centre - you should have gone, Winston.

PARSONS BOY: Let me see! I want to see!

PARSONS: Of course - but I must talk to Mr. Smith -

WINSTON: I'd better be going -

PARSONS: I'll come with you. (Eagerly, he takes WINSTON by arm) I'm organising squads to hang bunting - 400 metres of it, old boy - and paint posters - stitch banners ...

(They go)

PARSONS GIRL: Where's my supper?

MRS. PARSONS: In a moment, dear -

(Pan BOY over to her as she scrubs dishes. He has truncheon in hand)

PARSONS BOY: And I want mine! (Truncheon raised) Some day I'm going to be a child hero. I'll track down thought criminals! And foreigners ... and traitors! And Goldsteinists!

(He glares up at his mother. Track in on her as she looks down at him, her expression one of fear)

(O.S.) I'll denounce them to the Thought Police - every one of them! I'll shoot them. I'll vapourise them! Whoever they are!

MIX CAM: WINSTON's flat. Night.

(C.S. PARSONS crossing to WINSTON)

PARSONS: And I'd like to put your name down as a leader of one of the groups, old man.

WINSTON: Of course.

PARSONS: Good. Knew I could count on you, Winston: there'll be so much to oragnise. I'll manage most of it myself, of course - (Chuckles) - got to keep up with my kiddies, eh?

WINSTON: They're very keen.

PARSONS: My word, yes! All they think about is the Spies, and the war of course.

(WINSTON has gone to alcove, standing in front of table)

That's very peculiar.

WINSTON: What?

PARSONS: That sort of alcove there.

WINSTON: Peculiar? It was meant for a bookcase, I'd say, when these houses were built--

PARSONS: (crossing to look from another angle) I'd swear it's out of range of the telescreen.

WINSTON: (coming forward, Loudly) You're implying the Thought Police forgot to test it?

PARSONS: (hastily) Of course not, Winston, old man.

WINSTON: (offering notes he has taken from drawer) Here's the two dollar sub.

PARSONS: Ta. (He produces tiny notebook, enters sum) Yes, I'm very proud of my kiddies ... Winston, why didn't you get married? I mean - well, it's -

WINSTON: (expressionless) My duty to the Party.

PARSONS: Exactly.

WINSTON: I have been married. Perhaps I still am.

PARSONS: Eh?

WINSTON: We separated, with Party permission. I haven't seen her for years.

PARSONS: (scenting heresy, and anxious to embarrass WINSTON before the telescreen if possible) Any children?

(WINSTON shakes his head)

Then you had to separate. There'd be no point in staying together.

WINSTON: (flatly) No point at all.

PARSONS: (eyes narrowing) Old man, you weren't expecting - in the old days I think they used the word "love" - were you?

WINSTON: Of course not.

PARSONS: That's called sexcrime nowadays. "Loyalty to individuals is detrimental to the Party" -

WINSTON: "And the only purpose of marriage is to beget children for the service of the State". I too belonged to the Junior Anti-Sex league.

PARSONS: The old Anti-sex League - some of the jolliest times I ever had. Community hikes - parades. I was a member for eight years, you know. Nearly took the oath of celibacy. If it hadn't been for the Re-population Appeal of 1973 -

WINSTON: That's when I married, too.

PARSONS: Come a long way since then, haven't we? Soon be a whole glorious new system in operation.

WINSTON: Separate the sexes. Artificial insemination -

PARSONS: (approvingly) Artsem.

WINSTON: And institutions for the children.

PARSONS: Of course! Far better than family life for bringing them up in the true party spirit. When I think that my kiddies were born too soon for all that, I feel - I've cheated them somehow.

WINSTON: I think they'll catch up.

PARSONS: They're going to join the Anti-Sex League the very day they're old enough. When I see my little girl wearing the old chequered sash, I'll be even prouder of her than I was tonight.

WINSTON: I'm sure you will.

PARSONS: Reminds me - I must run along - see she's been fed properly, poor kid. (Going) Goodnight, old man.

WINSTON: Goodnight.

(After PARSONS has gone, WINSTON stands quite still, his face without expression)

GRAMS.
Fade music of telescreen

VOICE OF WINSTON: (recorded, on echo) Don't - don't - don't let it show in your face! Get rid of this thought - rid of it - quickly - before it's too late. Double-think - practise it! "The Party says the Earth is flat". True - that's true! "The Party says two and two make five." True! To know and not to know ... forget and forget that you've forgotten. Doublethink ... crimestop ... Ignorance is Strength!

(He has difficulty in keeping his breathing normal. He closes his eyes)

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Victory Trumpet Call

(WINSTON looks up sharply, all attention)

CUT CAM:

(Telescreen, its 'eye' revolving. As trumpet call sounds, still of Big Brother's face fades up on screen, with caption below it "Big Brother is watching you")

TELESCREEN: Comrades - attention! Here is a special bulletin from the Ministry of Peace! It tells of - victory!

CUT CAM:

(WINSTON forces a smile of satisfaction)

(O.S.) This news comes from the South Indian front, where, during the past week, vastly superior enemy forces have been utterly routed by our glorious soldiers!

TELESCREEN: (cont) Prisoners totalling half a million have been taken! The Eurasian attack has been crushed so decisively ...

(WINSTON is moving out of range of the telescreen, towards the alcove)

(O.S.) ... that control by our troops of the whole of the South Indian front is within measurable distance of realisation. This colossal victory is due in no small measure to the perfect co-ordination of all Oceanian forces...

(WINSTON is at the table, the fixed smile now wiped off his face. He takes the diary and pencil from the drawer, and opens the book before him. His face is working with emotion now that he no longer has to hide these feelings)

... filled with unquenchable resolve to liberate these unhappy territories from the yoke of the Eurasian beasts! And, uniting, guiding and protecting these brave men in their task, was our beloved leader - Big Brother!

(At this, WINSTON stabs the pencil down on the page, scribbles furiously)

His alone was the inspiration! His alone was the strategic plan which has just been brought to fruition!

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
F/U Music

It can be revealed that for 72 hours without break or rest, Big Brother ceaselessly studied reports from the battlefield! He scrutinised each list of casualties! He even found time to rejoice in accounts of individual acts of heroism by our glorious soldiers - in the brave deeds of those who were carrying out his wise decisions and winning the victory that he had planned! The victory that he had made to happen, as day must follow night! The victory is his - victory to him!

CUT TELECINE:

C.U. Dairy. WINSTON's hand; writing in very large, childish print: "DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER! DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER! DOWN WITH - " Etc.

TELESCREEN: (cont) The glory is his - glory to him! Big Brother! Big Brother! Big Brother!

CUT CAM: (C.U. WINSTON. His eyes stare as he writes. Tiny movements of his head follow the jabbings of the pen)

FADE OUT GRAMS. Disc: Band: Music up full

F.U. TELECINE: Evening.

1. Berlin-style warning notice: "You are now entering PROLE SECTOR N.1. Proceed only on authorised business.

Be ready to produce IDENTITY PAPERS".

WINSTON into shot, glances at notice.

2. Close shot WINSTON. His face is fearful but determined. He turns out of shot.

3. WINSTON walking rapidly along dilapidated, deserted street.

4. Narrow, dark street, containing small Victorian pub and next to or near it, a small curio shop. WINSTON passes shop with a lingering glance.

5. Rough, patched door "PUBLIC BAR". WINSTON into shot, pushes it open.

CUT CAM: Interior Pub. Evening. (Three prole youths huddled in an exited, absorbed group. They are dressed in a kind of threadbare parody of mid-Victorian lower-class clothes. Carefully tended sidewhiskers flourish on their cheeks. Two are clutching clumsy half-litre glasses of beer, while the youth in the middle is covertly displaying a handful of paper backed novels)

1st PROLE YOUTH: (with books. A hoarse whisper) 'Ere - 'ere it is! (Reads clumsily) "She slipped off her knickers, dis-closing the whole warm beauty of her body. 'Arthur', she whispered, 'the door's unlocked'".

2nd PROLE YOUTH: Ooh! The door's unlocked! (A loud and dirty snigger) Ooh, Arthur! (Turns book in other youth's hand, to see title) Wha's it called? "One Night in a Girl's School" by Jason Flinders. (Another giggle)

3rd PROLE YOUTH: Jason Flinders. Wanta remember that name!

1st PROLE YOUTH: Flinders knows 'is stuff - 'e's written 'undreds of 'em, see? (Shows list on cover)

2nd PROLE YOUTH: Where'd you get 'em?

(3rd PROLE YOUTH turns away, grinning, to put down his empty glass. As he faces camera he freezes)

1st PROLE YOUTH: (winking at 2nd) I got my contac's, see. Find you any number you want - if you pay for 'em.

2nd PROLE YOUTH: Pay for 'em? (Twisting cover) They're only five cent ones!

1st PROLE YOUTH: But special! Twenty-five - to you. 'Ere!

(The 3rd PROLE YOUTH has dug him violently in ribs and he turns. As he faces camera, alarm appears on his face and he hides books.

Track forward, the PROLE YOUTHS giving way, staring at camera.

Track towards two prole men near bar. One wears a billy-cock hat and is clutching a grimy newspaper in his free hand - both have glasses of beer. The other gesticulates excitedly)

1st PROLE: There ought to be something done about it! There's got to be! And soon!

2nd PROLE: (derisively) Aah!

1st PROLE: This is important! I tell yer no number endin' in seven ain't won for over 14 months.

2nd PROLE: Yes, it 'as then.

1st PROLE: No, it 'as not! I've taken down all the State lottery numbers for over two years - got 'em at 'ome, wrote down on a piece o' paper - an' I tell you no number endin' in seven asn't -

2nd PROLE: It 'as. I could pretty near tell you the bleedin' number. Four oh seven, it ended in. February second week in February -

1st PROLE: I got it all in black and white, an' I tell you -

(He falls silent, looking towards camera. The other PROLE follows his eyes. They stand still, watching camera.

Track to bar, where an old, bent man with long white moustaches is arguing with the barman. The old man is dressed like the others in mid-Victorian style, with the exception of his tie - an extremely flashy spiv tie of the 1950's now well worn)

BARMAN: All right, all right - that's enough!

OLD MAN: (straightening his shoulders pugnaciously) I arst you civil enough, didn't I? You tellin' me you ain't got a pint mug in the 'ole bleedin' boozer?

BARMAN: (about 30) I dunno what you mean. (Points to glasses) Litre an' 'alf-litre - 's'all we serve.

OLD MAN: I just 'ad a fancy to 'ave a pint again. When I was a young man -

BARMAN: Oh - when you was a young man, we was all livin' in the treetops! (Winks round room, raising a short burst of laughter, but his jocularity ceases when his eyes fall on camera)

(The OLD MAN turns from bar, muttering to himself. He looks up at camera, blankly)

CUT CAM: (WINSTON and OLD MAN)

WINSTON: (catching him gently by arm) Can I offer you a drink?

OLD MAN: You're a gent. (Aggressively to BARMAN) Pint! Pint o'wallop!

(BARMAN ladles dark brown flat beer into 2 half-litre glasses)

WINSTON: Oh - you've no gin.

BARMAN: (mildly incredulous) In a prole sector? We don't get it. Beer - twelve cents.

(WINSTON pays, takes glasses, indicates table by bar. OLD MAN sits. WINSTON puts down beer, turns to look at others)

CUT CAM: (PROLE men are engrossed in lottery numbers in newspaper, and the BARMAN peers over one's shoulder. The PROLE YOUTHS are giggling over their paper backed novels. A buzz of chatter)

CUT CAM: (OLD MAN is drinking)

WINSTON: (tentatively) You must have seen a lot of changes since you were a young man.

OLD MAN: (wipes mouth) The beer was far better - and cheaper. That was before the war.

WINSTON: Which war was that?

OLD MAN: (vaguely) It's all wars.

WINSTON: People of my age don't really know what conditions were like - before the Revolution. We can only read -- what the history books say. (Suddenly, pouring it out, hoping one word will stir a chord in the OLD MAN's mind) Was there really terrible oppression - people starving, no boots to wear - women and children being whipped to work 14 hours a day - sleeping ten in a room - and the capitalists in

WINSTON: (cont) great houses, riding in carriages and motor-cars, wearing top hats and drinking champagne -

OLD MAN: Top 'ats! Funny you should mention 'em - I was thinkin' only yesterday, I 'aven't seen a top 'at in years. Last time I wore one was at my sister-in-law's funeral.

WINSTON: You - wore one?

OLD MAN: (nods) Fifty year ago, must 'a been. O'course it was on'y hired.

WINSTON: (puzzled) What I really wanted to know was this, don't you feel you have more freedom now? Isn't it a fact you had to call the rich people "sir" and take your hat - your cap off when they passed.

OLD MAN: (thoughtfully) Yes, they liked you to. It showed respec', you see.

WINSTON: They liked you to...? (Desperately) In - in 1925 you were a grown man. Try and remember 1925. If you could choose, would you rather live then or now?

OLD MAN: (slowly) You expect me to say I'd rather be young again.

WINSTON: It isn't just that - Don't you understand - ?

OLD MAN: When you're old you ain't never well. My feet's dreadful, an' my bladder. On the other hand there's great advantages too. You 'ain't got the same worries - nc truck with women, and that's a great thing, ya know. You can just sit, and think of nothin'. Nothin' at all.

(He sighs contentedly, drowsily. WINSTON rises and leaves him. The OLD MAN raises his glass and drinks.

Track in on bottom of glass)

MIX CAM: Charrington's shop. Evening.

(C.U. glass paperweight, a couple of broken matches, a scrap of chain. The paperweight is a water filled hemisphere containing a tiny landscape. MR. CHARRINGTON's hand into shot, raises paperweight and runs a duster gently under it, puts it down. Tiny white particles whirl in the water, like snow, as he puts it down. He runs duster over glass.

Old doorbell pings. MR. CHARRINGTON's hand stops polishing.

Track back to take in MR. CHARRINGTON, a man of sixty, frail and bowed, mild-eyed and with eyes distorted by thick spectacles. He wears an aged black velvet jacket. His movements are fussy and gentle.

WINSTON is in the doorway of the little shop, which is almost devoid of goods. A poor clutter of curios on the counter, an antique standard lamp, and in the window, the silhouettes of empty picture-frames and old cheap vases. On the window is reverse lettering "E. Charrington, Antiques", black against opposite side of street)

CHARRINGTON: (his voice is soft, his accent only slightly debased) Good evening.

(WINSTON nods, closes door behind him)

I thought I recognised you, outside on the pavement.

WINSTON: (in alarm) Recognised me?

CHARRINGTON: (coming forward) You're the gentleman who bought the young lady's keepsake album. Two or three months ago, wasn't it?

WINSTON: You remembered?

CHARRINGTON: Oh - because it was such a beautiful bit of paper. Cream laid, it used to be called. There's been no paper like that for -- I dare say thirty years. (Peering over spectacles) Anything special I can get you?

WINSTON: No. Just thought I'd look in as I was passing.

CHARRINGTON: That's as well, because I don't suppose I could have satisfied you. Between ourselves - the antique trade's finished. No demand, no stock.

(WINSTON at counter, handles watches, etc.)

Furniture, china, metal stuff - it's all been broken or melted down.

WINSTON: (picking up paperweight) What is it?

CHARRINGTON: A paperweight. Shake it. Like snow falling inside, there. It's filled with water, of course, and the white particles -

WINSTON: It's beautiful.

CHARRINGTON: Yes. Though not many would say so nowadays. If you happened to want to buy it - it would be four dollars.

(WINSTON shakes it again, then fumbles for money)

Oh, thank you. I only wish I'd more to show you. You see how it is: an empty shop. Unless - (He brightens) There's another room you might care to take a look at. Not much in it: just a few pieces, but -

WINSTON: I'd like to see.

CHARRINGTON: (reaches for lighted oil lamp and leads the way) We'll do with a light if we're going upstairs. (He leads the way)

SLOW MIX CAM: CHARRINGTON's room. Night. (Light swings on to set as if from CHARRINGTON's lamp.

(picking out old-fashioned glass clock on mantelpiece; a picture or two on walls; faded flowered wall-paper; a large couch near window)

VOICE OF CHARRINGTON: (recorded - faded up to match lighting effect) Before my wife died this was our sitting room. I'm selling the furniture off by little and little.

(Light now full on.

Pan slowly round room)

Now that's a nice gateleg table in the corner there. Though of course you'd have to put new hinges on it if you wanted to use the flaps.

(WINSTON into shot, looks briefly at table. Something strikes him about the walls and he looks quickly round)

WINSTON: There's no telescreen!

CHARRINGTON: (putting lamp down) Ah. I never had one of those things. If you want one down here you've got to buy it, you know - they're not provided.

(WINSTON turns towards small bookcase on wall)

Expensive, and I never felt the need of one, somehow.

(WINSTON opens bookcase. It is empty)

Sorry ... no books. They were all taken away long ago ... I doubt if you'll find any in the prole sectors now. But - if you happen to be interested in old prints -

(He points to picture in rosewood frame, on wall opposite the couch. WINSTON joins him as he fingers frame)

The frame's fixed to the wall - my wife always had a fear of cords breaking and being startled in the night. But I dare say I could unscrew it for you -

WINSTON: (peering at print) I know that picture. It's a ruin now. It's in the middle of the street outside the Palace of Justice.

CHARRINGTON: That's right - outside the Law Courts. It was a church at one time - St. Clement's Dane, it's name was. (Smiles apologetically, sings softly) Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clement's.

WINSTON: What's that?

CHARRINGTON: (self-consciously) A rhyme we had when I was a little boy. It was just the name of churches - all the chief ones in London.

WINSTON: I never knew it had been a church.

CHARRINGTON: Now how did that rhyme go? Ah, I've got it! (Sings softly and quickly) Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clements, You owe me three farthings, say the bells of St. Martin's ...

WINSTON: It - it's like the sound of bells. Go on.

CHARRINGTON: That's as far as I can get. A farthing was a small coin something like a cent.

WINSTON: Where was St. Martin's?

CHARRINGTON: It's still standing - in Victory Square, not far from the statue of Big Brother on top of the fluted column ... with the lions at the foot. It wasn't always Big Brother, you know. (Suddenly, as if conscious that he has said too much, he turns to pick up lamp) Now if you've seen enough of this room, we'll return to the shop.

WINSTON: Yes.

CHARRINGTON: Will you go first? I have to take my time on the stairs.

(He follows, humming "Oranges and Lemons")

MIX CAM. Int. CHARRINGTON's shop. Night.

(The interior of the shop is almost dark - the standard lamp splashing a pool of light over counter)

(Silhouetted against opposite side of street, a girl in party overalls slowly passes across window. Reaching door of shop, she stops, peering in)

CUT CAM. (WINSTON enters, as from stairway. He catches sight of figure, starts violently, steps back out of light)

CUT CAM. (C.U. JULIA looking in. Just sufficient light on her face to make her recognizable. She glances up street, looks back at WINSTON)

CUT CAM. (WINSTON's eyes move desperately about. He reaches behind counter and comes up with an antique iron mace. He steps forward, then stops, confused)

CUT CAM. (Doorway. JULIA has gone)

(CHARRINGTON's humming is heard)

CUT CAM. CHARRINGTON: (joining WINSTON) What have you got there - the old battle mace? I forgot that - a real antique. Let me see, you could have it for ... say ...

WINSTON: (putting it down on counter) No ... I don't want it.

CHARRINGTON: Is anything the matter?

WINSTON: You haven't got a - a way out through the back of the shop? - as - as a short cut - I - I (Changes his mind) Never mind - it wouldn't help -

CHARRINGTON: (gently) If it's the patrols, you come here looking for razor blades. Party members do occasionally.

(WINSTON looks at him sharply. CHARRINGTON picks up the paperweight)

CHARRINGTON: (cont) You're forgetting your purchase. (WINSTON takes it) I'm glad you found something to your liking. A good night to you.

WINSTON: Goodnight.

(He goes out of shot)

CHARRINGTON: The name's Charrington - call in if ever you're passing again. Don't forget.

(Doorbell jangles. Door is closed - O.S.)

MIX TELECINE.

1. WINSTON walking rapidly along street towards camera. Night. Floodlighting.

   Pan him to where he passes Prole Sector Warning notice, now lit from above. He walks out of shot. Hold notice.

2. Street corner, night. A light flashes on and off, lighting up corner. WINSTON into C.S., his face tense. He glances behind him, then at flashing light.

3. Facade of Chestnut Tree cafe. Night. Its electric sign (an illuminated board, not separate lights) flashes on and off.

MIX CAM. Int. Chestnut Tree Cafe. Night.

(Close shot of six empty gin-glasses - not china mugs this time - on table. Waiter's hand pushes them aside, puts down three full ones. Track back as he shakes a few drops into each from a bottle with a quill through the cork)

WAITER: A drop of the Chestnut Tree's speciality this time, eh? - cloves and saccharine. Really does something for Victory Gin. Pity we can't put it in every time, but - there's a war on.

(Looking up at Waiter, on the left breast of whose jacket is embroidered the word "PROLE" are two mournful faces. A third, blind man stares blankly past camera. The waiter gathers up the empties, and goes. The three men sitting at the table have the air of being utterly broken in body and spirit. Between the two sighted ones is a chessboard, set out but with no moves made. The blind man gropes. The Waiter, who has now transferred the empty glasses to his tray, puts a full one in the blind man's hand, and he raises it slowly)

All right for now? I'll be round again in a few minutes.

(Pan Waiter past table. He glances across cafe - a suggestion of dimly lit chairs and tables)

Good evening.

WINSTON: (into shot) Get me a large gin.

WAITER: Right. Plenty of places - sit wherever you want.

(He goes. WINSTON looks towards group at table, then to other side of room)

WINSTON: (to himself) Syme -

(Moves towards where he is looking)

CUT CAM.

(SYME is alone at a table. A chess problem is laid out before him, and a glass of gin is at his elbow. His face is drawn and anxious.

(He picks up one of chessmen, about to make a move, but starts, with sudden terror as WINSTON approaches. As soon as he sees who it is, he relaxes slightly) ....

SYMES: Oh - Smith.

WINSTON: May I join you?

SYME: Of course.

WINSTON: (sits) It's - very quiet here. ....

SYME: Yes.

WINSTON: D'you come here often?

SYME: Not often.

WINSTON: I've only been here once or twice in my life.

SYME: Sometimes there are party musicians --- and painters. Colourful.

(Waiter arrives with tray on which are several full glasses. He puts large one before WINSTON) ....

WAITER: Twenty-five cents, please.

(WINSTON frowns slightly, but pays) ....

There's the luxury tax here, you see. Thank you. (Crossing to other table. O.S.) Now, comrades, ready for another gin? All on the house, remember ...

(SYME looks across at the other table. WINSTON gulps his gin down, gasps)

WINSTON: (taking the plunge) Syme -

SYME: Yes?

WINSTON: (runs his eyes round room, above head height, looking for a telescreen, sees none) Have you ever noticed - a girl, dark-haired, about twenty-five - works in Miniture, the Fiction Department, I fancy. She was at the table next to ours in the Canteen yesterday

SYME: (strangely) Yes, I've noticed her. Why?

WINSTON: I've got reason to believe that she -

(Something in SYME's eyes arrests him. SYME is looking over WINSTON's head. WINSTON turns, cranes upwards)

CUT CAM. (Telescreen silent. Its 'eye' is ceasing to revolve, and lens glows fiercely, watching)

CUT CAM. WINSTON: (turns back to SYME, fighting for composure) I've got reason to believe that she was a district organiser of both the Youth League and Junior Anti-Sex League. If I'm correct - she might provide an exemplary subject for a Newspeak article I propose to write ...

(He sees SYME's eyes relax slightly)

CUT CAM. (Telescreen)

GRAMS. Disc: Band: A sad little tune commences

CUT CAM. (The attention of the three broken men has been caught by the music. The sighted ones look towards the telescreen, sadly)

CUT CAM. SYME: (watching telescreen; absently) It sounds a most interesting project. Commendably orthodox. (Turning to look at group at other table) Doubleplus godthink ul...

(WINSTON follows his gaze)

CUT CAM. (The sighted men are still gazing upwards. The music changes, growing shrillier, faster - a kind of braying, cracked, jeering sound. One of the men begins to tremble)

CUT CAM:

(Telescreen's lens glowing. A voice sings, flatly)

TELESCREEN: Under the spreading Chestnut Tree, I sold you and you sold me ...

CUT CAM:

(The two sighted men catch each other's eye, uncomfortably. One drops his eyes, covers his face with a clumsy hand)

TELESCREEN: (cont. O.S.) There they lie, and here lie we Under the spreading Chestnut tree!

(The blind man gives a long, racked shudder, almost a sob)

(The music from the telescreen continues as before: a sad little tune)

CUT CAM:

WINSTON: What was that? Who are they?

SYME: (a fascinated whisper) Don't you recognise them?

WINSTON: (horrified) Yes ...! It was in the Times - the last conspiracy trial. But they're changed ...

SYME: They confessed to sabotage, embezzlement of party funds, intrigues with Goldstein's agents, against Big Brother ... They confessed. Now the telescreen's reminding them.

CUT CAM:

(The three conspirators are slumped in their chairs, staring blankly, but avoiding each other's eyes. Their half glasses of gin are untouched, and the chessmen have not been moved from the opening position)

SYME: (cont. O.S.) They were released. They come here every day. For them the gin's free. They can play chess ... if they wish ...

CUT CAM:

(SYME turns, stares down at his own chessboard as if hypnotised)

WINSTON: I'm sorry - I disturbed you when you were playing at your problem.

SYME: No, you didn't ...

WINSTON: This cafe's quiet and - suitable. I suppose the members of your Chess Club come here to play?

SYME: (absently) Members ...?

WINSTON: Of the Minitrue Chess Club. You're on the Committee this year, aren't you? I saw your name on a notice ...

(He breaks off, seeing SYME's face crumble. The breaking point has been reached - he can no longer hide what he has been hiding)

SYME: (shakes his head, then with a little sobbing moan) Today - today - I had a notification ...

WINSTON: (draws back) What?

SYME: That I'm suspended from all my duties pending ... investigation of my conduct.

WINSTON: You!

SYME: Even ... suspended from the Chess Club ... Winston ...

WINSTON: (rising nervously) That's unfortunate, but I've no doubt the inquiry will be ... fair ...

SYME: Don't go! I've been sitting here for hours, trying to decide what I could have done! Something I said - something I thought -

WINSTON: No, no - !

SYME: (clutching at his arm) Yesterday in the canteen - I talked - too much perhaps. Who was listening? There was Parsons - and you, Winston -

WINSTON: (panicking) I don't remember -

SYME: And at the next table, there was that girl - the one you mentioned -

CUT CAM:

(WINSTON's face is terror-stricken. He plucks SYME's hand from his arm)

WINSTON: Let me go! I've nothing to do with this -

CUT CAM: SYME: (C.U.) Which of you denounced me? Winston - was it yourself? What did I say -

CUT CAM: (WINSTON backs away, hurries out of shot)

CUT CAM: (The conspirators stir and turn to look)

CUT CAM: SYME: (whispers) Winston - don't leave me - alone!

(Door slams O.S. He closes his eyes for a moment, then pulls himself to his feet, upsetting the chessmen. Tries to steady himself and steps forward towards door)

TELESCREEN: (O.S.) J.X. 2159, Syme, B.!

(SYME freezes. His face fills with pure terror)

CUT CAM: (Telescreen's bye' has stopped revolving. Its lens glows fiercely)

Stand where you are! ... All other customers in the Chestnut Tree Cafe are to leave immediately.

CUT CAM: (O.S.) Quickly, quickly!

(The three conspirators push their way past SYME, the blind man last, led by one of the others. The sighted pair give SYME a sad glance as they go)

Syme - ungo antecoming Thinkpol! (SYME quivers. Gloatinglym the voice of the telescreen translates) The Thought Police are joining you ...

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
A heavy waggon draws to a noisy halt outside. Whistles blow: there is a sound of several heavily booted men running, drowned in a sudden upsurge of music

MIX CAM: Int. WINSTON's flat. Night.

(WINSTON is crouched over his diary writing furiously. After a moment or two, the scratching of his pen is overlaid by:)

VOICE OF WINSTON: (recorded. On echo) ... and I saw it! I saw the waggon come, full of men in black uniform. Syme, not me. If they wanted me they'd have come by now ... (He looks up) She - she can't have reported on me yet. (His eyes are wild) I should have acted, down in the Prole Sector - got her alone - (Picks up paperweight) smashed her head in! (More steadily, as he lowers it) I can still do it! Counter-attack. An open window - an empty staircase - decoy her away and ... I'll watch for her, wait for her. From tomorrow -

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Fade up music

FADE OUT

End of I

F.U. TELECINE:

1. C.S. Noticeboard on corridor wall: "Ministry of Truth Records Department". Cross-fade to sound of many feet walking along stone corridor

   A couple of Part workers pass. Then WINSTON into shot. He turns, cautiously but open-faced.

2. M.C.S. Several Party workers approaching camera along corridor. Single out JULIA.

3. C.U. WINSTON watching.

4. Angle of corridor. JULIA turns off, others go on.

5. WINSTON hesitating, steps O.S.

6. As 4. WINSTON into shot, to corner.

7. Show corridor. JULIA opens double door at end, goes through.

8. C.U. WINSTON. He looks upwards, as if at notice above door, baffled.

9. Notice, very large, above double-door!
"PORNOSEC
Entry Forbidden!"

MIX CAM: Int. Pornosec. Day.

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Hum of electric motors, over which is superimposed occasional clatter of a teletype

(Close shot of a novel-writing machine - a large assembly of apparatus cased in like a 1954 cinema projector, and incorporating a long, bulky horizontal cylinder which can be revolved by turning an arm. It has an eyepiece at one end. From a lower part of the machine a narrow strip of paper issues, as from the speakwrite. A metal plate is screwed on the side of the machine:

PORNORITE, MK VI.
No.247
"JASON FLINDERS"

JULIA comes round machine, a clip board in one hand, checking and adjusting control knobs. A woman supervisor comes into shot, grim-faced, tight-lipped, her grey hair tied back)

SUPERVISOR: Is your pre-setting complete?

JULIA: Yes.

SUPERVISOR: Test your motor.

(JULIA throws switch)

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Loud buzzing

(JULIA switches off)

SUPERVISOR: (cont) Very well - stand to attention. They'll be here in a moment.

CUT CAM:

(O'BRIEN and another Inner Party member - a grim, scowling, thin man who wears a pale uniform of slightly different style from O'BRIEN's, braided with letters "MINISTRY OF PLENTY" - are coming through a plain door. The Miniplenty official pauses to listen to music coming from room they have just left: a sentimental lyric in the style of the early 1900's sung in a flat voice)

VOICE:
"It was only a hopeless fancy;
It passed like an April day.
But a look and a word
And the dreams they stirred,
They have stolen my heart away".

O'BRIEN: (closing door behind them and cutting off sound before end of verse) In two weeks that tune will be haunting every prole sector in Airstrip One - the sentimental ones are issued sparingly, so they're always popular. Now, the apparatus that produced that was comparitively simple, as you saw. But here in Pornosec - (He looks to SUPERVISOR as she comes into shot) We'd like to see a novel-writing-machine in operation.

SUPERVISOR: This way.

CUT CAM:

(JULIA stands stiffly by machine as SUPERVISOR leads O'BRIEN and Miniplenty Official into shot)

O'BRIEN: I've seen your lottery calculators in the Ministry of Plenty. These are much more elaborate.

SUPERVISOR: This machine can turn out 20 pornographic novels a day. (Indicating plate) All phrases and thought sequences were built in during assembly, so that it has its own distinctive style. (Indicates plate) Its products go out under the name of Jason Flinders.

O'BRIEN: They're distributed, of course, in sealed packets. Then the proles imagine they're getting something illegal. (To OVERSEER) Will you demonstrate?

(SUPERVISOR nods to JULIA, who looks into eyepiece attached to cylinder and gently turns handle)

SUPERVISOR: The operator is now adjusting the situation - kaleidoscope, which varies the six basic plots ...

O'BRIEN: Notice the operator. Long-service sash in the Anti-Sex League. Two purity badges.

OVERSEER: She has been especially chosen for her exemplary character.

O'BRIEN: We need to be careful here. The stuff's rubbish, of course, but it might be catching -

(JULIA looks kaleidoscope, then switches on motor)

GRAMS. Disc: Band: Buzzing

The computers are operating. In a moment or two we'll see - (Bending) Here it comes.

(A strip of paper is discharging rapidly from the machine. O'BRIEN picks up the end and reads:)

Sandra Wayne slipped off her last undergarments, disclosing the whole warm beauty of her body. As she prepared to step into her bath, there was a rustle and the ugly snout of a black automatic showed between the curtains. A man stepped out. "Put down that gun" said Sandra coolly. "It may be loaded". But a curious thrill ran through her -

(There is a cry from JULIA, who has been turning the kaleidoscope; one hand is trapped behind it; her face twisted with pain, she tugs her arm round with her free hand, helped by the SUPERVISOR, who quickly snatches off the motor)

CUT GRAMS.

SUPERVISOR: (angrily) Quickly - get it free!

(JULIA pulls her hand out, clutches it)

JULIA: I was turning the kaleidoscope for Chapter 2 -

SUPERVISOR: Let me see! (The hand is bleeding badly) You fool! (To O'BRIEN) I must apologise for this incompetence -

O'BRIEN: She'd better go to the medical section - (JULIA totters) Look out! (SUPERVISOR catches the almost fainting JULIA) It's bleeding badly. Go with her - the shortest way, through the Records Department.

SUPERVISOR: (roughly to JULIA) Come along - steady yourself.

(As they go, pan to C.U. O'BRIEN. He watches them go, turns to Miniplenty official)

O'BRIEN: Unfortunate. Now, as you will observe, each apparatus differs slightly from its neighbour. We'll look at the next one ...

MIX CAM: Int. Records Department. Day. (WINSTON's cubicle. He is at work, dictating into speakwrite)

WINSTON: Routine correction to Times of 19th November, 1983 after verification with current issue. "In a statement issued -

SUPERVISOR: (O.S.) Quickly - you're perfectly capable of walking alone -

WINSTON: (half-glances round, suppressed his curiosity and continues) "...issued today by the Ministry of Peace, it was categorically -"

(JULIA into shot, her face set against the pain. She just has time to see WINSTON before collapsing with a moan against his desk. SUPERVISOR quickly into shot. JULIA's hand is bound with a badly blood-stained cloth)

SUPERVISOR: Get up! (To WINSTON who sits staring) Help me with her - she's been hurt!

(WINSTON does so)

CUT CAM:

TELESCREEN: (its lens glowing) Records Department, Minitrue. Check that disturbance!

CUT CAM:

(JULIA is on her feet, her uninjured hand resting on WINSTON's)

SUPERVISOR: You're all right now - come along.

(They go. WINSTON sinks into his seat, evidently disturbed. He glances at telescreen. His right hand is clenched. After a moment he glances down at it, turns it. He picks up open copy of Times, and while appearing to search columns with his eyes, opens his hand. There is a slip of paper in it. He lets it drop on to Times and very cautiously opens it)

CUT CAM:

PHOTOCAPTION:

C.U. Paper held between finger and thumb. On it is printed in large bold letters "I LOVE YOU".

CUT CAM:

(WINSTON crumples paper, hesitates a moment, then quickly thrusts it into cavity labelled "FOR DESTRUCTION". Track in on his face. His hand trembles as he adjusts the mouthpiece of the speakwrite)

WINSTON: (switches on) "...by the Ministry of Peace, it was categorically denied that any withdrawalshad occured on the Malabar front..."

SLOW MIX CAM: Int. Canteen. Day.

GRAMS. Disc: Canteen noise Band:

(A different table near wall. JULIA is sitting alone, white adhesive bandage covering most of her left hand. She is eating stew, looking round the canteen. A man passes carrying a tray, hesitates for a moment as if about to sit, then passes on, to her relief. WINSTON into shot, tray in hand. He stands by chair, looking away as if for a better place, then sits. Neither looks at the other)

JULIA: (spoon to mouth) I meant what I wrote ... Shall we meet?

WINSTON: Yes.

JULIA: Can you get Sunday afternoon off?

WINSTON: Yes.

JULIA: Then listen - and remember ... Go to New Paddington Station - (A woman passes with a tray) ... take train number 26. Get out at the 10th station and turn left outside it. Two kilometres to a gate with the top bar missing. Take path across field to a grass-grown lane. Down that to a little wood. Look for a charred tree. (Looks up) There's somebody coming - can you remember?

WINSTON: I think so.

(PARSONS into shot, tray in hands)

PARSONS: Hullo, hullo. How's the stew?

WINSTON: Beans.

PARSONS: Oh, jolly good. Old Syme ought to be here today - that's his favourite.

WINSTON: He's not here?

PARSONS: (sitting and tearing up bread and dropping it in stew) We're in the same department. I noticed - he must be ill.

WINSTON: Yes.

(JULIA rises. He watches her go out of the corner of his eye)

PARSONS: I wanted a confidential word with you, old boy.

WINSTON: (chilled) Confidential?

PARSONS: (leans forward) About our Hate Week effort. You know what I said about you leading a squad? Well, I was up till three this morning, working it all out. Where's something to draw a plan with? This'll have to do ... (He takes spoon from stew and draws with it on table: a sticky brown trail. Track in on this) Here's Victory Mansions, see? Something like this ...

MIX TELECINE:

1. Close shot pool in grassgrown path. Pan up to where WINSTON has climbed over hedge, panting slightly. He looks about, sets off along path.

2. Edge of small wood. WINSTON enters past camera.

3. WINSTON in wood. He comes to charred tree, stops, looks up at it; then round about. He stoops, begins searching in grass

GRAMS. Disc: Birdsong Band:

CUT CAM: Ext. The Wood. Day.

(WINSTON searching in grass, as on telecine. There is the crack of a breaking twig. He freezes. JULIA's hand into shot, on his shoulder)

JULIA: I'm here. (He swings round) You were searching for a hidden microphone, weren't you? (He says nothing) There aren't any. We're all right here.

WINSTON: (stupidly) We're all right here?

JULIA: I found this place when I got lost once on a community hike. It's quite safe.

WINSTON: Is it?

JULIA: You can trust me. (She holds out her hand. He takes it hesitantly) Trust me.

(He crushes her hand suddenly in both of his)

WINSTON: I wanted to believe you - what you wrote. I wanted to very much -

JULIA: But the note wasn't enough?

WINSTON: What's your name?

JULIA: Julia. I know yours. It's Winston. You see, I'm better at finding out things than you are ... Tell me, what had you been thinking about me?

WINSTON: (after a moment) I hated the sight of you. I wanted to murder you - smash you head in.

JULIA: (drawing back) Why?

WINSTON: You followed me.

JULIA: I wanted to speak to you.

WINSTON: I thought - you were something to do with the Thought Police.

JULIA: (laughs delightedly) Not the Thought Police! You honestly thought that?

WINSTON: You're young and fresh and healthy --

JULIA: Pure in word and deed. Banners, processions, slogans, games - all that stuff. And you thought that if I'd a quarter of a chance I'd denounce you and get you killed off?

WINSTON: Something of the kind. A lot of young girls would.

JULIA: Actually I am that sort to look at. Keep an eager face - never shirk anything. Always yell with the crowd - then you're safe. I do voluntary work for the Anti-Sex League three evenings a week ... (Suddenly she rips off the chequered sash) So I've earned this bloody thing! (She flings it on the ground, looks up at WINSTON)

WINSTON: (slowly) I'm thirty-five years old. I've got a wife I can't get rid of. Physical grade-three.

JULIA: I couldn't care less.

(She comes close to him. Clumsily he puts his arms round her)

WINSTON: Oh - my - dear -

(They embrace violently and kiss. When they separate:)

I'm clumsy. You see, it's been so long since -

JULIA: (quietly) Never mind that now.

(They kiss again)

WINSTON: How - how did you know it should be me?

JULIA: Something in your face - I thought I'd take a chance. I'm good at spotting people who don't belong. As soon as I saw you I knew you were against them.

WINSTON: So easily?

JULIA: Oh, I don't mean you give yourself away. It's just - a sort of fellow-feeling. Something you can only recognise if you're looking for it.

WINSTON: Something that flashes across: "I'm on your side "...

JULIA: That's it. Oh you missed me, I know. My fault - my disguise was too good. But - didn't you ever notice it with anyone?

WINSTON: There's a man named O'Brien. I'm not sure, but once or twice I've felt ... Listen!

GRAMS. Disc: Song of thrush Band:

(They look up. JULIA shades her eyes)

CUT TELECINE:

Close shot of thrush in tree, singing.

CUT CAM:

WINSTON: (whispers) So close ... If there were a microphone ... somewhere, they'd be listening ... and hearing that.

JULIA: Let's sit down.

(She settles down on the grass. WINSTON beside her)

Tell me about your wife.

WINSTON: She was beautiful. She hadn't a thought in her head that wasn't a slogan. She submitted to marriage out of loyalty to the State. She had two names for it. "Making a baby" and -

JULIA: "Our duty to the Party".

WINSTON: You know that one, too?

JULIA: Sex talks at the Youth League for the over-sixteens. It's an old-fashioned slogan now, of course. They're getting techniques to replace marriage.

WINSTON: With Katharine, there wasn't anything to replace.

JULIA: You must have hated her.

WINSTON: Eventually, yes.

JULIA: My darling -

(She moves closer to him. WINSTON takes her by shoulders)

WINSTON: This is the unforgivable crime, you know that?

JULIA: Between Party members. I know!

WINSTON: And that in the end, we can't win - you know that too?

JULIA: Yes!

WINSTON: Some kinds of failures are better than other kinds, that's all.

JULIA: How long d'you think, before they find out?

WINSTON: Six months, if we're careful. A year - five years, even.

JULIA: We'll be careful - and clever, too. We'll find more places like this, better ones -

WINSTON: Sometimes we'll only be able to manage a word to each other, passing in the street. There'll be those times -

JULIA: But we won't give up! We might even find a secret place that's just our own -

(A look comes into WINSTON's eyes. He has just remembered something)

WINSTON: Yes ...

JULIA: It's a challenge and we're going to take it, my darling. (She presses herself against him) This is me - my hand - my arm - my face! Let's enjoy being alive!

(They kiss again, this time with real passion)

F.U.C.M: Int. CHARRINGTON's shop. Night.

CHARRINGTON: (in C.U.) Well, let me see ... I dare say I could let you have the room. Not many people come to the shop, and I don't think I should get in your way. Everyone needs a place where they can be alone occasionally - privacy's a very valuable thing - and when they have such a place, why, it's only common courtesy on the part of anyone who knows about it to keep his knowledge to himself.

(Track back to take in WINSTON)

I'd have to charge you a little rent, I'm afraid.

WINSTON: Of course.

CHARRINGTON: To cover expenses. Shall we say - five dollars a week?

WINSTON: I'll pay a month in advance. (Takes notes from wallet)

CHARRINGTON: Oh - thank you. I'll go up this very evening and set the room to rights. By the way, there are two entries to the house. One gives on to a lane at the back.

WINSTON: Oh.

CHARRINGTON: I mean, the main streets are so crowded at the moment you can hardly fight your way through. Of course, it's always the same as we get near to Hate Week -

MIX TELECINE:

1. Angle-shot up on to large suspended banner "HATE WEEK".
2. Another banner, different angle. "Hate Week, 1984". It lifts and we see PARSONS scrambling to tie end up on face of building.
3. Cut-out portrait of Big Brother being pulled upwards on strings. PARSONS holds bottom end, gesticulates as it is raised out of sight, directing position.

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Crowd chanting the Hate Song. Somewhere between the Horst Wessel Song and the Song of the Steppes. It has a savage, barking rhythm

4. Crowds in Trafalgar Square, VE Night.

5. Hand-held sign on stick, as if above crowd "Smash Eurasia". Night.

6. As 5. "Down with Goldstein!" Night.

7. As 5. "Hate!"

8. As 7, larger lettering.

9. As 7, very large lettering, coming right at camera.

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Fade up Hate Song full

Fade crowd singing and hold under

MIX CAM: Int. CHARRINGTON's room. Night.

(Close shot on window, curtains slightly parted. Pan to WINSTON and JULIA locked in embrace, nearby. They break, and WINSTON turns towards window)

WINSTON: If only they'd stop it for a minute.

JULIA: What?

WINSTON: The Hate Song. Day after day from every telescreen. There's no escape from it.

JULIA: That's what they've turned love into!

WINSTON: What?

JULIA: All this marching up and down and cheering and waving flags - it's simply sex gone sour.

WINSTON: You mean - they depend on that hysteria - all the bottled-up instinct -

JULIA: They can't bear you to feel anything else. When you make love you use up energy and then you feel happy inside yourself and you don't give a damn for Big Brother and the Three-Year Plans!

(WINSTON puts his arms round her again. She checks him)

Oh - I nearly forgot! Darling, I want you just to stay here.

(Pan her across to old-fashioned screen. She turns)

JULIA: (cont) You're not to see me for the next three or four minutes. To make sure, you'd better turn round.

WINSTON: What are you going to do?

JULIA: Please.

CUT CAM:

(WINSTON turns towards window, puzzled but amused)

CUT CAM:

I'll tell you when to look.

(She goes behind screen)

CUT CAM:

(WINSTON's attention goes to the window as a coarse woman's voice is heard singing outside)

VOICE OF WOMAN:
"It was only an 'opeless fancy;
It passed like an April dye,
Da - da - da - dee ..."

WINSTON: It's a prole woman.

CUT TELECINE:

M.C.S. from above. Stout strong woman hanging baby clothes on line.

VOICE OF WOMAN: (need not synchronise)
"...But a look an' a word an' the dreams they stirred
They 'ave stolen my 'eart awye!"

CUT CAM:

WINSTON: That's a prolefeed song, isn't it?

CUT CAM:

JULIA: (behind screen - we see her shadow moving on wall) Number 2,756. Out of date - the Hate Song's replaced that issue.

CUT CAM:

WINSTON: The product of an electronic machine, and she sings it as if it meant something.

VOICE OF WOMAN:
"They sye that time 'eals all things;
They sye that you can always forget;
But the smiles and the tears across the years
They twist my 'eart-strings yet!"

WINSTON: (cutting in after 2nd line - after which hold song under) She's as solid as a pillar, sturdy as - (Softly) You know, she's beautiful.

JULIA: (O.S.) I saw her yesterday. A metre across the hips easily.

WINSTON: That's her style of beauty. Strong arms, strong heart, toughened by twenty years of child-bearing. Julia, if there's any hope for the future, it lies in the proles.

JULIA: (O.S.) The proles!

WINSTON: Eighty-five percent of the population. If they only become conscious of their own strength - all they need is to rise up and shake themselves, like a horse shaking off flies. They'd throw off the Party -

CUT CAM: (On screen. Shadow moving)

JULIA: Conscious! They're like a horse all right. Remember the slogan "Proles and animals are free". They think they're free now!

CUT CAM: WINSTON: Free to work themselves to death - free to enjoy the filth that's peddled to them by the Party. Drugs, foul drink, the crooked lottery, pornographic books -

JULIA: (O.S.) My life's work! Darling, they love it all! The Party gives them exactly what they want.

WINSTON: If only there were some way to show them - D'you think the Brotherhood -

JULIA: (O.S.) What about the Brotherhood?

WINSTON: It's just struck me - being able to talk about it. I've never done that in my life. D'you think Goldstein's Brotherhood - really exists?

JULIA: (O.S.) No.

WINSTON: Why not?

CUT CAM: JULIA: (behind screen; shadow barely moving) Rebel against the Party? It would be too stupid.

CUT CAM:

WINSTON: There's an Inner Party man at Miniture. O'Brien. D'you know him? I've always felt he's a person you could talk to if you could only get him alone. Once during the Two Minutes' Hate I caught his eye ...

JULIA: (O.S., but closer) Darling - you can turn round now.

(WINSTON turns)

CUT CAM:

(JULIA has changed from her overalls into a skirt and blouse - style of 1954. Her face is made up with lipstick, rouge and eye shadow)

WINSTON: Your face -

JULIA: You like it?

WINSTON: Yes!

JULIA: (fingers her cheek) The prole women use this stuff. I don't know if I've put it on properly. And ... the dress doesn't fit very well. Thirty years ago it belonged to Mrs. Charrington.

(She comes to him)

VOICE OF WOMAN:
"It was only an 'opeless fancy;
It passed like an April dye ...
Da - dee - "

JULIA: This is my style of beauty. At least ... at least, I'm a woman now.

(WINSTON pulls her to him. They kiss)

And I belong in this room, don't I? (She looks round) How old do you think everything is here?

WINSTON: More than the dress. Fifty years ... a hundred ...

JULIA: That picture - would that be a hundred years old?

WINSTON: More. Probably two. You can't tell the age of anything nowadays.

JULIA: (looking at picture) What is this place? I've seen it before somewhere.

WINSTON: It used to be a church. St. Clement's Dane, its name was. 'Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clement's ..."

JULIA:
"You owe me three farthings,
Say the bells of St. Martin's,
When will you pay me,
Say the bells of Old Bailey -"

WINSTON: You know it?

JULIA: I can't remember any more.

WINSTON: Who taught you it?

JULIA: My grandfather, when I was a little girl ... (She turns suddenly) Winston, don't think any more about the Brotherhood. The clever thing to do is what we're trying now - just to break the rules and stay alive ... The water's boiling! I'm going to make some coffee.

WINSTON: I brought some - it's over there -

JULIA: Not Victory coffee - ugh! Something much better. (From a canvas holdall on the table, she removes a layer of spanners and oily rags) Jason Flinders' manicure set, the tools of my trade, disguising - (She brings out paper packet) one kilo of real, Inner Party coffee.

WINSTON: (sniffing) Mmm! Where'd you get hold of it?

JULIA: Black market. There's nothing those Inner Party swine don't have. And look - sugar, not saccharine. Go ahead and make the coffee, darling.

(WINSTON goes to where a metal coffee-pot is boiling on oil stove)

JULIA: (cont. O.S., sings)
"Oranges and lemons, say the bells
of St. Clement's,
You owe me three farthings, say
the bells of St. Martin's,
When will you pay me? say the bells
of Old Bailey ..."

(She hums the missing lines. WINSTON has opened coffee-pot and is about to tip coffee in from the packet, when something catches his eye, behind camera. A look of uncontrolled horror spreads over his face. He hurls the coffee-pot. A clatter. He stands panting)

JULIA: (screams) Winston! (Into shot, grasps his arm, infected by his fear) What was it?

WINSTON: (hardly able to say it)
A - a rat.

JULIA: (relaxes) A rat. Is that all? (Incredulously) What a fuss to make over it - and a mess. (She comes forward, peers below camera) Oh yes, there's a hole down there. I'll have to bung it up with some of that broken plaster ... You're trembling. Sit down.

WINSTON: I don't like ... rats, that's all.

JULIA: Tell me. There is something to tell me, isn't there?

(She sits beside him on couch)

WINSTON: Yes. But I never have, to anyone. It's ... rather horrible.

JULIA: Go on.

WINSTON: It was when I was small - I don't know what age, but small. My father had disappeared. I lived with my mother and my little sister - she was just a baby, and sick nearly all the time, like a thin monkey. There was hardly any food to eat. I remember screaming at my mother because I was so hungry. She used to give me hers but even that was so little. I wanted all there was - I couldn't help it. (He pauses)

WINSTON: (cont) One night, they took my mother away for questioning. As soon as she'd gone, I went to the cot where my sister was lying - and snatched the piece of bread she had. I don't think she noticed - she was so weak - but I ran out and far away, and I ate the bread. I didn't go back till next morning. The house was dark. No mother. I went to my sister's cot and looked in - (He is unable to go on)

JULIA: (in a whisper) You must say it.

WINSTON: The rats had been!

(A gasp of horror from JULIA. He covers his face, sobbing. She puts her arm round him)

JULIA: And now - don't think of it again.

WINSTON: (shakes head) But I dream. When something - bad happens, that same night I see - the cot. The last time it happened was after they took Syme -

JULIA: I'll get some more water. (She rises) Make that coffee ...

WINSTON: He's dead - did I tell you? (She shakes her head) Each day I've looked at the notice-board - the printed list of the Chess Committee. This morning - there was nothing crossed out, but his name wasn't there. He doesn't exist. He never existed.

(He picks up paperweight, staring at it)

When he talked to me that night, he thought one of us had denounced him - your or I.

JULIA: (replacing the coffee-pot) I wonder who did.

WINSTON: He himself.

JULIA: How?

WINSTON: (shrugs) He was too intelligent - saw too clearly, spoke too plainly. That it should happen ... was written in his face.

(He runs his finger over the domed glass)

WINSTON: (cont) In this thing ... It's like a tiny world, with its atmosphere complete.

(JULIA joins him)

If it were possible to get right inside, to have your life there, and mine ...

JULIA: My darling.

WINSTON: Perhaps ... even to find ... real people ... again...

FADE OUT

F.U.CAM: Int. Ministry of Truth. Day.

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Fade up Hate Song - music only, and hold under

(C.U. O'BRIEN, looking obliquely towards camera - his face at its most warm and intelligent. Track back as he turns back towards large B.B.C. -style noticeboard. "MINISTRY OF TRUTH. STAFF NOTICES." It is covered with foolscap sheets. He peers at one near camera, prominently labelled "CHESS CLUB", with a list of names on it. He looks up casually, turns as WINSTON comes into shot from direction of camera)

O'BRIEN: Oh Smith, I'd been hoping for an opportunity of talking to you. I was reading one of your Newspeak articles in the Times the other day. You take a scholarly interest in Newspeak, I believe?

WINSTON: I'm only an amateur.

O'BRIEN: You write it very elegantly. That's not only my opinion. I was talking not long ago to a friend of yours who is certainly an expert. His name has slipped my mind for a moment.

(His eyes wander significantly to the Chess Club notice. When he looks back, WINSTON nods slowly. O'BRIEN re-settles his spectacles on his nose)

O'BRIEN: (cont) But - I noticed you used two words which have recently become obsolete. Have you seen the 10th edition of the Newspeak Dictionary?

WINSTON: No. We're still using the 9th in the Records Department.

O'BRIEN: Oh - yes. The 10th does not appear for a month, I believe, apart from a few advance copies. It might interest you to look at it, perhaps?

WINSTON: (suppressing excitement) Very much so.

O'BRIEN: Some of the new developments are most ingenious. The reduction in the number of verbs - let me see, I could send it by messenger - except that I should be sure to forget. Perhaps you could pick it up at my flat some time? I'll just jot down -

(He brings a pocket-book out, and a ball-pen. He looks up blandly)

CUT CAM: (Telescreen, its "eye" revolving)

CUT CAM: (He smiles) Better not let it seem that we are having secrets. (He writes, quite openly, tears out page, gives it to WINSTON) That is my address. I am usually at home in the evenings. If not, my servant will give you the Dictionary.

(He nods and goes. Track in on WINSTON - trying hard not to betray excitement - and finish on C.U. paper)

MIX CAM: Int. CHARRINGTON's room. Evening.

(C.U. duplicate paper, much handled, in JULIA's fingers. Track back as she looks at it again, then up)

JULIA: It's an Inner Party address all right - one of those big new blocks.

GRAMS. Disc: V2 explosion, distant Band:

(She looks towards window, startled)

Another rocket-bomb - must be miles away. There've been a lot lately. (Turns to WINSTON) But darling, what makes you think he meant anything more than he said? You saw his eyes - very well, I'm used to judging people by their faces too. Suppose he does hate the Party: doesn't everyone, secretly? Winston, they'd all like to break the rules if they thought it was safe. It doesn't mean they belong to the Brotherhood!

(WINSTON into shot)

WINSTON: It was when he mentioned Syme. "Your friend who's an expert on Newspeak; his name's slipped my memory." Don't you see - he couldn't name him directly; it would be mortally dangerous. Syme's not only dead. He's abolished - an unperson. But it was a signal. For a moment we came near to thoughtcrime - together. We were accomplices.

JULIA: You think he'll lead you to the Brotherhood?

WINSTON: Yes.

JULIA: If they exist.

WINSTON: They must. I've been waiting all my life for this.

JULIA: If they're not another of the Party's inventions; just something to hate. Haven't you marched in demonstrations when there's a trial on, and shouted "Death to the traitors!"?

WINSTON: Of course.

JULIA: You knew who they were?

WINSTON: Perhaps - sometimes -

JULIA: Or what they'd really done?

WINSTON: (helplessly) No.

JULIA: How do we know what exists? Even the war itself may be a lie. The Party says we're fighting Eurasia - or Eastasia: they can change it in a moment and make it the truth. Always somewhere in the desert or in the jungle. We don't know! When rocket bombs hit the prole sectors - they may have been fired by our own government.

WINSTON: All right. You and I - we're helping to make those lies! I sit at my desk in the Records Department, helping to draw the darkness in!

JULIA: Oh, it's your work -

WINSTON: We've helped to destroy history. There's only an endless present - where the Party's always right. (Picks up diary, turns pages) Can you guess why I started this diary? To know what happened yesterday. (A pause) Whatever this chance may be, I must take it.

JULIA: You think they're planning a rebellion?

WINSTON: (shakes head) Not in our lifetime.

JULIA: Then what's the use -?

WINSTON: If little knots of resistance can be started - just a few records left for the next generation - (He clasps his hands over the diary)

JULIA: I'm not interested in the next generation - only in us.

WINSTON: Yes. I know.

JULIA: Winston, because I love you -

(He looks at her resignedly)

JULIA: (cont) - I won't let you go into this ... alone.

(He drops the diary, goes to her, holds her tightly)

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Distant V2 explosion

If they - take us - there's nothing we can do, is there?

WINSTON: Nothing. If that happens, all that matters is that we shouldn't betray one another.

JULIA: If you mean confessing, we'd do that right enough. Under torture, you can't help it.

WINSTON: I don't mean confessing. Confession isn't betrayal. What you say or do doesn't matter. Only feeling matter. If they could make me stop loving you - that would be the real betrayal.

JULIA: No. They can't do that. It's the one thing they can't do. They can make you say anything - anything - but they can't make you believe it. They can't get inside your heart.

WINSTON: If you can feel that staying human is worth while, even when it can't have any result whatever - then you've beaten them.

JULIA: We'll go to O'Brien's together.

WINSTON: As soon as we've worked out just how - and when -

JULIA: Tonight. Now.

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Distant V2 explosion

Quickly FADE UP:

Disc: Band:
"It was only a hopeless fancy" - MUSIC ONLY

JULIA: (cont. Softly) Kiss me first.

FADE OUT

F.U.CAPTION: "INTERVAL"

After 3½ minutes:-

F.U.CAM: Int. O'BRIEN's flat. Night.

(C.U. Telescreen, its 'eye' revolving. The screen shows portrait of Big Brother. Hold this for one minute. Then: -)

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Victory trumpet call

TELESCREEN: Comrades, attention!

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Repeat trumpet call

Comrades - attention! It is officially announced by the Ministries of Truth and Plenty that the current Hate Week has broken all records for production. And to match this activity on the Home Front, a Ministry of Peace communique shows that our brave soldiers on the Malabar front have driven a wedge of no less than three miles into the Eurasian enemy's lines -

(O'BRIEN's hand into shot, turns a small knob not seen previously on telescreen. The sound is cut off, the picture fades, and the "eye" dies away. Track back as O'BRIEN swings round smiling in his revolving chair. He is sitting behind a desk with a shaded lamp directed on a mass of papers. All that can be seen of the room conveys an atmosphere of efficiency and luxury. On wall is giant relief map of Oceania - what was formerly Britain and the Americas)

(WINSTON and JULIA)

CUT CAM:

WINSTON: You can turn it off!

O'BRIEN: Yes, we can turn it off. That is our privilege. (He studies them, rises)

CUT CAM:

(WINSTON and JULIA maintain uncomfortable silence)

CUT CAM:

(Smiles) Shall I say it, or will you?

CUT CAM:

WINSTON: I will say it. We have come here because - (He hesitates, then goes on) We believe there is some sort of organisation working against the Party - and that you are involved in it.

JULIA: We want to join it and work for it.

CUT CAM:

(O'BRIEN nods slightly approvingly)

CUT CAM:

WINSTON: We are enemies of the Party. We disbelieve in the principles of Ingsoc. We are thought criminals. You see - we want to put ourselves at your mercy. If that isn't sufficient -

(He breaks off, looks quickly round. A small pale-faced man with a totally expressionless face enters. He wears a servant's livery and is carrying a tray with decanter and glasses. He comes to desk)

O'BRIEN: Martin is one of us. (To MARTIN) Bring a chair for yourself; you can stop being a servant now. We'll sit down and talk in comfort.

(MARTIN puts chairs in position for WINSTON and JULIA before sitting himself on the edge of a small chair. O'BRIEN fills glasses during this)

This is called wine. (With a faint smile) You will have read about it in books, no doubt. I am afraid very little reaches the Outer Party. (Hands glasses to WINSTON and JULIA)

(While O'BRIEN passes another glass to MARTIN, WINSTON raises his, and sips curiously)

Is it as you expected?

WINSTON: (disappointed) No. I'd always thought of it as having an intensely sweet taste, but - I'm afraid I can't taste it very well.

O'BRIEN: Victory Gin doesn't help the palate. (Raises his glass) Now - let us begin by drinking a toast. To our leader, Emmanuel Goldstein.

(They drink, then sit)

WINSTON: Then there is such a person?

O'BRIEN: Yes, there is such a person, and he is alive. Where, I do not know.

WINSTON: And the organisation - it is real?

JULIA: Not an invention of the Thought Police?

O'BRIEN: No, the Brotherhood is real. (He pauses) You will understand that I must start by asking you certain questions. The general terms, what are you prepared to do?

WINSTON: Anything that we are capable of.

(O'BRIEN looks at JULIA)

JULIA: He speaks for me too.

O'BRIEN: (he moves close to WINSTON, in a low, expressionless voice) ... You are prepared to give your lives?

WINSTON: Yes.

O'BRIEN: To commit sabotage, even murder?

WINSTON: Yes.

O'BRIEN: To betray your country to a foreign power?

WINSTON: Yes.

O'BRIEN: To cheat, forge, blackmail, disseminate drugs - to do anything likely to cause demoralisation and weaken the power of the Party?

WINSTON: Yes.

O'BRIEN: If, for example, it would somehow serve our interests to throw sulphuric acid in a child's face - are you prepared to do that?

WINSTON: (after a brief hesitation) Yes.

O'BRIEN: To lose your identity and live out your life as a waiter or a dock worker? To commit suicide if and when we order?

WINSTON: Yes.

O'BRIEN: You are prepared, the two of you, to separate and never see one another again?

JULIA: No.

(WINSTON looks at her, then at O'BRIEN)

WINSTON: (quietly) No.

O'BRIEN: You did well to tell me. We must know everything. Martin, take a good look at these comrades. You will be seeing them again. I may not.

CUT CAM: (MARTIN looks without expression from JULIA to WINSTON)

CUT CAM: O'BRIEN: Now go back to your pantry. I shall be switching on in quarter of an hour.

(MARTIN goes. O'BRIEN offers box of cigarettes)

Before you leave here, I shall give you a book from which you will learn the true nature of the society we live in, and how we shall destroy it. When you have read it, you will be full members of the Brotherhood. You will receive orders from me, through Martin. Apart from three or four other contacts, for immediate tasks, you will know nothing. You will get no comradeship, no encouragement. When finally you are caught, the only help you can expect is a razor blade smuggled into your cell. You will confess the little you know, betray a handful of unimportant people like myself - and die. We are the dead. Our only true life is in the future. We shall take part in it as handfuls of dust and splinters of bone. How far away that future is, there is no knowing. Perhaps a thousand years - of spreading our knowledge outwards from person to person, generation to generation. In the face of the Thought Police, there is no other way.

CUT CAM: WINSTON: (exchanges glance with JULIA, then) Thank you.

O'BRIEN: (looks at wristwatch) Now - you ought not to have come here together. You must leave separately. (To JULIA) You, comrade, first.

(She rises)

Wait - (He refills glasses) what shall it be this time? To the confusion of the Thought Police? The death of Big Brother? Humanity? The future?

WINSTON: (raises his glass) To the past.

O'BRIEN: The past is more important.

(They drink. He presses buzzer, then takes small box from drawer, offers it to JULIA)

Put one on your tongue. The lift attendants might notice the smell of wine.

(She does so.

MARTIN enters)

Martin, you will show the comrade out. (Holds out hand) Goodbye.

JULIA: Goodbye. (Goes with MARTIN)

O'BRIEN: Now, there are details to be settled. I assume you have a hiding place of some kind?

WINSTON: A room in one of the prole sectors, above a shop -

O'BRIEN: Keep that for the moment. Later we shall arrange something else for you. (Turns to filing cabinet, opens drawer) Any more questions?

WINSTON: No ... Did you ever happen to hear an old rhyme that begins "Oranges and lemons, say the bells of St. Clements"?

O'BRIEN: 'You owe me three farthings, say the bells of St. Martins. When will you pay me? say the bells of Old Bailey? When I grew rich, say the bells of Shoreditch?'.

WINSTON: You knew the last line!

O'BRIEN: Yes. I know the last line. Now - have you brought your old briefcase?

(WINSTON produces it)

Very shabby and inconspicuous. Good. (Holding a heavy book up across his chest) The Newspeak Dictionary, 10th Edition.

(And we see the lettering, boldly across it. He gives it to WINSTON)

O'BRIEN: (cont) Don't open it now.

(WINSTON puts book in case. O'BRIEN presses buzzer)

Study it well.

(He offers box of tablets. WINSTON takes one. MARTIN enters)

Goodbye.

WINSTON: (taking his hand) Goodbye.

(He goes with MARTIN. O'BRIEN sits, watches them out of sight, turns to telescreen and switches it on. The eye revolves. He studies papers)

TELESCREEN: (fading up)... And tomorrow evening at 18.30 hours, in Victory Park, will come the great climax to Hate Week - no less than two thousand Eurasian war criminals will be publicly hanged!

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Quick fade up Hate Song.

FADE OUT

F.U.CAM: Int. CHARRINGTON's shop. Night.

FADE GRAMS into CHARRINGTON's shop bell.

(CHARRINGTON slowly dusting counter. He turns)

CHARRINGTON: Oh, good evening.

(JULIA into shot)

He's upstairs - he came some little time ago.

JULIA: Thank you.

(She goes, as upstairs. He returns to his polishing, looks after her, smiling kindly to himself)

MIX CAM: CHARRINGTON's room. Night.

(Close shot WINSTON engrossed in book. He has marked a number of places with slips of paper, and has a pencil in his hand. He looks up as JULIA enters, and rises quickly. They kiss)

JULIA: (shakily) That's better. I went to the hangings.

WINSTON: Why?

JULIA: Camouflage. We can't be too careful now. The crowd were delirious - if they'd got their hands on the prisoners they'd have torn them to pieces long before the - the time.

(WINSTON picks up the book)

WINSTON: Look!

JULIA: "Newspeak Diction ..." (She opens cover) By Emmanuel Goldstein.

WINSTON: O'Brien gave it me last night after you left.

JULIA: You've read it?

WINSTON: I know what's in it. Julia, I feel ... a whole person ... for the first time in my life. All the suspicions - doubts - hopes I've ever felt; They're completely justified.

WINSTON: (cont) Oh, we were wrong about some things, but right about so many, and now it's all clear: the truth. (Pours out coffee) Drink this - you're cold.

(She takes it)

And now, listen -

JULIA: (her hand on his arm) I don't think I want to hear.

WINSTON: What?

JULIA: It'll only be more to hide.

WINSTON: But we're committed -

JULIA: Tonight, I found I couldn't yell with the crowd - not in the same way. For the first time, I wasn't able to feel I belonged to them.

WINSTON: Hate Week's over now.

JULIA: So's the excitement, the madness everywhere that's helped to hide - us. From here on -

WINSTON: You have to know! It's not a burden. It's strength. You'll feel that too. (Opens book) I've marked a few passages ... here, for instance - "When the United States absorbed the British Empire to form Oceania, and Russia took Europe to form Eurasia, two of the three world-states were in being. Their ideologies were Ingsoc, Neo-Bolshevism - and later, Death-worship in Eastasia. These three states are permanently at war."

JULIA: So it's not a sham -

WINSTON: Wait ... "War has changed its character: it exists only to preserve tyranny. Fighting - when there is any - takes place on vague tropical frontiers or round the Floating Fortresses ..." (Turns pages) "The essential act of war is the destruction of human labour - a way of shattering or sinking the materials which might be used to make the masses too comfortable - in the long run, too intelligent."

WINSTON: (cont) (Turns over) "No invasion of enemy territory must ever take place ... Each of the three states will remain a separate universe where any perversion of thought can be safely practised ... "

JULIA: Then - the real war isn't with Eurasia at all! It's between - all of us and -

WINSTON: And them! "The Party member, like the proletarian, tolerates conditions because he has nothing with which to compare his way of life." ... "Efficiency, even military efficiency, is no longer needed. In Oceania nothing is efficient except the Thought Police ... !"

JULIA: The swine! The foul swine!

WINSTON: "Big Brother - "

JULIA: Does he exist?

WINSTON: "Is the guise in which the Party shows itself to the world." No one's ever seen him!

(He and JULIA look at each other for a moment)

It's all here - the Revolution - what it was really like before that - what freedom was. Julia, I know now - at last - that I'm not mad.

JULIA: Darling - you've thought that?

WINSTON: Even if a person's the only one to believe something, that doesn't make him mad. There's truth and there's untruth. If you stick to the truth even against the whole world ... you're still not mad.

JULIA: (quietly) I want to read it. We'll read it together.

(The prole woman is heard singing in the yard below)

VOICE OF WOMAN:
"They say that time 'eals all things,
They say you can always forget ...
Da - da - dee ..... "

WINSTON: There she is. Hanging her washing on the line, as usual.

JULIA: Baby clothes, still. How many children d'you think she's had?

WINSTON: Might easily be - fifteen.

JULIA: Yes. (Pause) After we made that horrible promise to O'Brien last night, and I went back to the hostel -

WINSTON: (bitterly) Alone!

JULIA: I couldn't get it out of my brain.

WINSTON: Horrible -

JULIA: I suppose we had to say it ...

WINSTON: Oh - yes. I didn't mean that - I meant your being alone to think about it. There are times when people shouldn't be alone.

JULIA: I began to wonder - perhaps we could just have gone on, as ordinary people - disappeared somehow - learned to talk like the proles - got jobs in a factory or - (Her tone changes) But it's too late.

WINSTON: We're committed now.

JULIA: It's too late.

WINSTON: Not only since last night, darling. That's when we faced the facts and determined to do something about them. For us, it's thirty years too late.

JULIA: (looks up at him) Yes ... if we'd lived then! We'd be married.

WINSTON: Thirty - even twenty years ago - we'd have walked through the streets openly - talking about - anything we liked.

JULIA: They'd know we loved each other, and there'd be nothing they could do to stop us -

WINSTON: They can't stop us loving now -

(They kiss)

VOICE OF WOMAN:
"But the smiles an' the tears
across the years,
They wring my 'eart-strings yet."

JULIA: The future's hers, isn't it?

WINSTON: We can share it.

JULIA: How?

WINSTON: She and her children can keep alive the body. We can keep alive the mind - pass on the secret.

JULIA: The Book?

WINSTON: Simpler than that. Just that two and two make four.

JULIA: Our future. (She shivers)

WINSTON: It has to be this way.

JULIA: I know. I was just remembering something O'Brien said ... We are the dead.

WINSTON: We are the dead.

(A metallic voice sounds)

VOICE OF TELESCREEN: You - are - the - dead!

(They spring apart. WINSTON's eyes search the room)

JULIA: (points) There - look!

CUT CAM: (C.U. print of St. Clements. It swings slowly aside, disclosing a black cavity. After a moment a telescreen pushes forward to fill up the space. Its lens glows)

TELESCREEN: Remain exactly where you are. Make no movement until you are ordered.

VOICE OF WOMAN:
"It was only an 'opeless fancy
It passed like an April dye,
But a look and a - "

(The song is cut off in a yell of pain. Men's shouts. A clatter of washtub being flung across yard. Heavy-booted feet are heard running. Whistle blasts)

WINSTON: The house is surrounded!

JULIA: I suppose we may as well - say goodbye.

TELESCREEN: You may as well say goodbye.

(A thump at the window and smash of glass)

WINSTON: They've got a ladder -

(Two black-uniformed men, pale, aproned, slit-eyed, enter through the window, truncheons in hand. Simultaneously the door is flung open and two more enter. They seize JULIA and WINSTON)

WINSTON: (to JULIA) Don't resist - don't move!

(He looks up, hardly moving more than his eyes, at the brutal prizefighter's face that towers above him. The guard is clearly longing to smash his head in, but after a moment he glances towards the door and springs to attention as do his colleagues)

CUT CAM:

(CHARRINGTON enters, his hair now as black as his eyebrows. He still wears the velvet jacket, but his face is that of a man of thirty-five, and the thick glasses have gone. He nods, goes towards telescreen)

WINSTON: (as he passes) Charrington -

(CHARRINGTON gives him a cold glance, turns to telescreen)

CHARRINGTON: (all trace of prole accent gone) Thinkpol reporting crimestop 20.45 hours. Proceeding Minilawwine. (He closes the picture over the telescreen, turns to WINSTON) I discovered the end of the little rhyme. You may as well have it, so that it's not wasted:

"Here comes a candle to light you to bed.
Here comes a chopper to chop off your head."

Take the women first.

(As she is dragged to the door, JULIA twists round, forcing her face between the black uniforms)

JULIA: Not the Ministry of Love! Not there! Winston! Winston -

(A truncheon flashes. She screams)

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
F/U music, keyed in with scream.

MIX TELECINE:

1. Illuminated lettering: "MINISTRY OF LOVE" on reverse, windowless face of Ministry of Truth model. Moonlight. High angle shot, panning down on to cars parked in yard below. One is moving into shot.

2. M.S. Car coming to halt; night. Light from floodlamp. WINSTON is hustled out by guards, and out of shot.

MIX CAM: Int. Cell. Night. (WINSTON is flung into shot on ground. We hear door slam and heavy footsteps retreating. He lies still for a moment longer, looks slowly up)

GRAMS.
Fade music.

CUT CAM: (The cell has dark, completely blank walls. Pan across staring faces of prisoners sitting on bench - an old fat woman, then a tall man with the air of an intellectual, and - after a gap, PARSONS)

CUT CAM: WINSTON: Parsons! (He pulls himself up, looks round apprehensively)

CUT CAM: (Telescreen, its "eye" revolving)

CUT CAM: (WINSTON, still not daring to rise from hands and knees, crawls near to PARSONS)

What are you in for?

PARSONS: (his face crumpling) Thought-crime ... I know they give you a fair hearing. Oh, I trust them for that! They'll know my record, won't they? Old man - you know what kind of a chap I was - not brainy, but I did my best for the Party, didn't I? I'll get off with five years, don't you think? Ten years? A chap like me could make himself pretty useful in a ... joycamp. They wouldn't shoot me for going off the rails just once?

WINSTON: Are you guilty?

PARSONS: (glances at telescreen) Of course I am! You don't think the Party would arrest an innocent man, do you? Thought-crime's dreadful. It gets hold of you without your even knowing. (Quickly) I talked in my sleep. D'you know what they heard me say? "Down with Big Brother!" (He shakes his head) Over and over again! I'm glad they got me - saved me.

WINSTON: Who denounced you?

PARSONS: My little girl. Pretty smart for a nipper, eh? I don't bear her any grudge for it. In fact I'm proud. It - it shows I brought her up in the right spirit, anyway.

(They turn at sound of tramping feet and cell door opening. Two guards enter, dragging the trailing body of a man between them. They drop him and go. Sound of cell door slamming. The man looks up. He is emaciated, obviously starving. He rolls weakly on to one elbow, coughs)

OUT CAM:

(WINSTON looks at PARSONS, who averts his eyes from the thin man. The next prisoner - the intellectual - catches WINSTON's eye. They both look pityingly at the thin man who coughs again. The intellectual rumbles in his pocket, brings out a crust of bread. He scoops by the thin man, raises him a little, offers him the crust)

TELESCREEN: (O.S.) (A savage roar) Wilson!

(Both men jump. The thin man draws his hands back from the bread)

CUT CAM: XK0915 Wilson J. Let fall that piece of bread.

(The intellectual drops the bread)

Stay exactly where you are!

(The intellectual is trembling.

Running footsteps. The door opens and a huge guard enters in two or three strides. With all his strength he hits the kneeling intellectual in the face, sending him flying. The guard bends low over the thin man)

GUARD: Get up!

THIN MAN: (his voice a croak) What - where -

GUARD: You're going to Room 101.

THIN MAN: (after an unbelieving moment) Comrade! (He clasps the guard's arm) What else is it you want - I'll confess anything - anything! Just write it down and I'll sign it! You've starved me for weeks - shoot me! Hang me! But not Room 101!

GUARD: (takes him by collar) Room 101.

(The thin man looks frantically round, throws out his arm)

THIN MAN: That's the one you want, not me!

CUT CAM: (The intellectual is stirring feebly, blood on his face)

CUT CAM: You didn't hear what he said when he was pretending to give me that bread! I'll tell you it all - No, listen!

(The guard drags him forward, still screaming)

THIN MAN: (cont) Something went wrong with the telescreen - You didn't hear him! Take him, not me! Not me - !

(As the guard drags him to the door, they pass O'BRIEN. Hold him as he watches them go, then comes slowly towards benches)

CUT CAM: WINSTON: (starting up) O'Brien. They got you too?

CUT CAM: O'BRIEN: (coming towards camera, sadly) They got me a long time ago.

(Two guards enter, one on each side of O'BRIEN)

You know this, Winston. Don't deceive yourself. You did know it. You have always known it.

(He inclines his head slightly, the merest sign. The two guards advance on camera, blotting out O'BRIEN and forming a wall of black uniform)

FADE OUT

F.U.CAM: Torture Room. Night.

GRAMS. Disc: Hum of electric apparatus. Band:

(C.U. Torture machine. Three pieces of jointed apparatus - like a 1954 dental X-ray machine - are poised in the air like antique toys, disengaged. A fourth is pointing down out of shot. Pan slowly down, past a bank of dials, to where the fourth piece of jointed apparatus is connected; a metal container like an open hourglass in shape. In it lies WINSTON, his head clamped down by a metal band. His face is battered and sweat-soaked. Beside the machine stands an attendant in white. He twists a knob)

GRAMS. Disc: Low buzzing. Band:

CUT CAM: (WINSTON's face twists with pain. O'BRIEN leaning forward over camera. He turns aside, as to attendant)

O'BRIEN: One-seventy.

GRAMS.
Buzzing louder.

(To camera) Do you remember writing in your diary! "Freedom is the freedom to say two and two make four"?

CUT CAM: WINSTON: (through his teeth) Yes.

CUT CAM: (O'BRIEN raises spread hand, the thumb concealed)

O'BRIEN: How many fingers am I holding up, Winston?

CUT CAM: WINSTON: Four.

CUT CAM: O'BRIEN: And if the Party says it is not four but five - then how many?

CUT CAM: WINSTON: Four.

O'BRIEN: (to attendant) One-eighty.

GRAMS.
Buzzing louder.

How many? (Aside) One-ninety.

GRAMS.
Buzzing louder.

How many fingers, Winston?

CUT CAM: WINSTON: Four! Five - four - anything you like. Only stop the pain!

GRAMS.
Cut buzzing.

(WINSTON's eyes close in relief. O'BRIEN into shot, tilts up the "mummy-case" so that they are almost eye-to-eye)

O'BRIEN: (sighs pityingly) Winston!

WINSTON: How can I help - seeing what's in front of my eyes - two and two make four -

O'BRIEN: Sometimes. Sometimes they are five, sometimes three - or all of them at once. (Gently) You must try harder.

(He picks up a thick file of papers)

WINSTON: Is this - Room 101?

O'BRIEN: (smiling at this absurdity) No!

WINSTON: How long have I been here?

O'BRIEN: (consults cover of file) Admitted ... Er, seven weeks, Winston. In that time you were beaten almost daily, very brutally indeed - you see, I don't pretend. You have confessed - (He flicks over wads of foolscap as thick as a couple of 1954 television scripts) - to assassination, distribution of seditious pamphlets, to religion, to embezzlement of Party funds, sale of military secrets, sabotage, murder ... (He clicks his tongue sorrowfully) Why do you think we bring people to this place?

WINSTON: To make them confess.

O'BRIEN: No.

WINSTON: To punish them.

O'BRIEN: To cure them. We're not interested in the stupid crimes you have committed - only in the thought. I am taking trouble with you, Winston, because you are worth trouble. You are mentally deranged - a defective memory. Now that is curable, but you must try to help me. Even now you are clinging to your disease under the impression that it is a virtue.

WINSTON: How can you stop people remembering things! You can't control it!

O'BRIEN: You have not controlled it. You are here because you preferred to be a lunatic, a minority of one. Only the disciplined mind can see reality, Winston. It needs an act of self-destruction, an effort of the will. You must humble yourself before you can become sane.

(He holds up his hand. WINSTON winces)

How many?

WINSTON: I would see five if I could. I'm trying to see five!

O'BRIEN: You only wish me to think you do. (Signs to attendant)

WINSTON: No - you'll kill me if you do that again! Four - five - six fingers - in all honesty I don't know.

O'BRIEN: Better.

(He looks up at the spare arms of the machine, nods to attendant, who deftly pulls them down and connects them to the back of the "mummy-case". O'BRIEN close to WINSTON)

This time it will not hurt. (To attendant) Three thousand.

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
A thin shrill sound just within audible range.

(There is a flash of light. WINSTON jolts slightly, opens his eyes with a surprised air. O'BRIEN raises his hand, deliberately folds down the thumb)

There are five fingers there. Do you see five fingers?

WINSTON: Yes ... !

O'BRIEN: Still?

WINSTON: (after a moment) No ... only four again.

O'BRIEN: But you see now that it is possible.

(He waves the attendant away)

Do you remember writing in your diary that it did not matter whether I was a friend or an enemy, since I was at least a person who understood you and could be talked to? You were right. I enjoy talking to you. Your mind appeals to me. It resembles mine except that - You will try, Winston? (He smiles) Before we finish this session, you can ask a few questions.

(He begins unlocking clamps that hold WINSTON in position)

WINSTON: What have you done with Julia?

O'BRIEN: She betrayed you. Immediately, unreservedly. You would scarcely recognise her - all the deceit, folly, rebelliousness, dirty-mindedness burned out of her. A perfect conversion.

WINSTON: You tortured her.

O'BRIEN: Next question.

WINSTON: Does Big Brother exist?

O'BRIEN: Of course. The Party exists. He is the embodiment of the Party.

WINSTON: But in the same way as I exist?

O'BRIEN: You do not exist.

WINSTON: I think I exist ... I am conscious of my own identity ... (His voice trails away) Will he die?

O'BRIEN: Of course not. How could he? Sit up.

(WINSTON lowers himself painfully forward)

(With a half-smile) Go on, Winston - ask me.

WINSTON: (looks at him wide-eyed) How did you - very well, what is in Room 101?

O'BRIEN: You know, Winston. Everyone knows what is in Room 101. (Turns) Take him back to his cell.

(He goes. A guard comes forward)

FADE OUT

F.U. CAM: (C.U. O'BRIEN looking down at camera)

O'BRIEN: Winston, do not imagine you will save yourself. No one who has once gone astray is ever spared. Even if we chose to let you live out your life - you would never escape from us. What happens to you here is for ever. Things will happen to you here from which you could not recover if you lived a thousand years. Never again will you be capable of ordinary human feeling - of love, or friendship, or joy of living, or laughter, or curiosity, or courage, or integrity. You will be hollow. We shall squeeze you empty, and then we shall fill you with ourselves! Have you understood, Winston? (As if to attendant) One-ninety five.

(Buzzing, loud)

Defocus quickly)

FADE OUT

F.U. CAM: (C.U. O'BRIEN, from different angle)

O'BRIEN: You have learned, Winston. Now you must understand. You have read the Book - Goldstein's Book - parts of it at least. The programme it sets forth is nonsense. The secret spread of knowledge, a proletarian rebellion, the overthrow of the Party. It cannot happen in a thousand years or a million. (He pauses) I know. I wrote the book. Now start with this thought: the rule of the Party is for ever. (Closer) Remember it, Winston. (Turns) Two-twenty. (Quickly changing this) No - take him away.

(GUARD steps forward, blocks out shot)

FADE OUT

T.U. CAM: (Attendant by machine, hand on knob)

O'BRIEN: (O.S.) Winston ... Winston. You know how the Party keeps itself in power. Now tell me why.

VOICE OF WINSTON: (recorded, feebly) You are ruling us - for our own good. Because we're not fit - to govern ourselves -

(Attendant nods, as if having received instruction, turns knob.

Buzzing)

CUT CAM: (Past back of "mummy-case" on to O'BRIEN)

O'BRIEN: That was stupid, Winston. I want intelligence.

(Track in on O'BRIEN)

The Party seeks power for its own sake. Not as a means, but an end. Power over the human mind. And power over all matter - climate, disease, the laws of gravity - because we control the mind. Reality is inside the skull, Winston. We make the laws of nature! The stars are not light-years, but a few kilometres away. If we wished, we could blot them out - (He taps his forehead)- here! That is power.

In our world there will be no love, except love of Big Brother. No laughter but the laugh of triumph over a defeated enemy. No art, no literature, no science, no enjoyment. But always and only, Winston, there will be the thrill of power. If you want a picture of the future, imagine a boot stamping on a human face - for ever.

(O'BRIEN now in big C.U.)

FADE OUT

F.U. CAM: (C.U. Tape-recorder, turning)

VOICE OF O'BRIEN: (recorded) You are prepared to commit sabotage, even murder?

VOICE OF WINSTON: Yes.

VOICE OF O'BRIEN: To betray your country to a foreign power?

WINSTON: Yes.

CUT CAM: (O'BRIEN looking down pityingly)

VOICE OF O'BRIEN: (recorded) To cheat, forge, blackmail, disseminate drugs?

WINSTON: Yes.

(O'BRIEN sighs, signals. The recording is cut off)

O'BRIEN: Your promises, Winston. And you considered yourself morally superior to us, with our lies and cruelty. Is that the spirit of Man you hoped would arise and defeat us?

CUT CAM: (Past back of "mummy case". The hand of WINSTON can be seen)

WINSTON: (his face O.S.) It must - it must defeat you! I don't know - I don't - oh! Somehow you'll fail -

O'BRIEN: If you are a man, Winston, you are the last man. (Signs to guard) Release him.

(GUARD into shot, bends over WINSTON)

Your kind is extinct. We are the inheritors. Do you understand that you are alone?

(WINSTON, back to camera, slowly and clumsily rises himself from the ground. O'BRIEN points)

There is a mirror. You shall see yourself - the guardian of the human spirit - as you really are.

(Track behind WINSTON as he lurches towards full-length mirror. He stops before it.

(The reflection is that of an old, bowed man, dressed in the foul remains of underclothes. He is almost bald and his eyes stare out of black sockets. He shuts them)

O'BRIEN: Look! If you are human, that is humanity!

(WINSTON sinks on to floor. O'BRIEN quickly into shot, raises him gently)

(Sincerely) My poor friend, you are almost well. Look in my eyes.

(WINSTON is weeping)

It is not enough to obey Big Brother. You know now what is needed - who it is that you must love -

(Still in O'BRIEN's arms, WINSTON twists round to peer into the mirror. His eyes fill with horror)

WINSTON: (a whisper) You did that ... to her?

(The gentleness dies out of O'BRIEN's face)

O'BRIEN: What was that! Winston - be careful, now -

WINSTON: Julia ... Julia!

(O'BRIEN disengages himself. WINSTON falls limply, looks up)

Julia, my love - Julia!

CUT CAM:

O'BRIEN: (almost brutally) You once asked me what was in Room 101.

CUT CAM:

(WINSTON, staring numbly in front of him. The realisation of what O'BRIEN has said begins to dawn on him. He looks upward to where O'BRIEN is standing)

CUT CAM:

It is there that we have the means to root out the last lingering deception. Pick him up.

(WINSTON is pulled up into shot by two guards)

O'BRIEN: (cont) What is in Room 101 is the worst thing in the world. (He moves close to WINSTON) It varies from individual to individual. It can be death by fire, or burial alive - or something quite trivial, not even fatal. We both know that in your case, the worst thing in the world ... happens to be ...

MIX TELECINE:

C.U. Two sewer rats, largest obtainable, old and hungry. They are in a narrow box with front wall and ceiling made of clear plastic.

Track back to show a mask-like attachment dangling and swinging from end nearest camera. The whole is on a table.

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Shrill cord, fading into extremely loud (exaggerated) squeaking of rats

CUT CAM:

GRAMS.
Hold squeaking under

(WINSTON between two guards, struggling to force himself backwards)

WINSTON: No! No! Not those! Please, O'Brien - what do you want me to do?

CUT CAM:

O'BRIEN: (standing by cage - the transparent face of which is now away from camera) By itself, pain is not always enough. Here in Room 101, you are meeting the unendurable. Courage and cowardice are not involved. You will do what is required of you.

CUT CAM:

WINSTON: I..t what is it? How can I do it if I don't know what it is?

CUT CAM:

O'BRIEN: You will find that you know. (He picks up the cage by handles) Now! You see that this - (Demonstrating it) - is a mask. It fits over the head, leaving no exit. When the plastic door is slid up ... (He looks at camera) It was a common punishment in Imperial China ... They were caught in the sewers a week ago. Now they are starving.

(He advances on camera, raising the mask into vision, not the cage - until mask fills frame)

GRAMS.
F/U Rats

CUT CAM: (C.U. WINSTON, shrinking back in terror)

WINSTON: No - no! (Suddenly bursting out) Do it to Julia! Do it to Julia, not me! Julia! I don't care what you do to her! Julia, not me! Not me!

(Now in big C.U., he faints, supported by the guards. His head drops limply)

FADE OUT

F.U. CAM: Chestnut Tree Cafe. Night.

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
F/U sad little tune similar to that used earlier in cafe - but not the same one.

(C.U. Glasses of gin on tray. WAITER's hand into shot, shaking drops into each from bottle with quill in cork. He picks tray up.

Track back and pan to where a woman sits)

WAITER: With the compliments of the house, comrade.

(The woman turns. It is JULIA, but her face is scarred and flabby, her body shapeless. The waiter puts glass in front of her)

Twenty five cents.

(She gives him a crumpled sheet of paper, which he unfolds)

Oh. You've been entitled to come here the last three months.

JULIA: Have I?

WAITER: (folding chit) Might as well have the use of this ... (Gently)... while you can. D'you want a regular place reserved?

JULIA: I suppose I could have ...

WAITER: Just let me know, that's all.

GRAMS.
Music stops.

Hallo, here we go again. Been bad news all day.

JULIA: Is it?

WAITER: From the African front. A pincer-movement by Eurasian forces towards Brazzaville. It's not just a matter of losing the Congo. Anything at all might be happening out there -

(Gong-note from telescreen)

CUT CAM:

TELESCREEN: Here is an announcement from the Ministry of Plenty.

CUT CAM:

WAITER: Oh.

TELESCREEN: (O.S.) In the preceding quarter, up to June 30th 1984, the quota for bootlaces in the seventh Three-year plan has been over-fulfilled by 98 per cent.

(WAITER turns to go.

Telescreen voice continues, in gravest tone)

Stand by for an important announcement from the Ministry of Peace at twenty-thirty hours.

(WAITER sighs, shaken head, goes)

This is news of the highest importance. Stand by at twenty-thirty hours.

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Music resumes.

(JULIA picks up gin and sips, insensitive to taste. Sound of door closing)

WAITER: (O.S.) Good evening, comrade.

WINSTON: (O.S.) Evening.

(JULIA looks up from her drink, heavy-eyed, and stiffens slightly)

CUT CAM:

(WINSTON wears new overalls. His face is cleaner, but little less haggard than when last seen. He is still thin and stooped, and wears thick-lensed glasses. His speech is slow and fumbling, as if he were unable quite to find the point of what he wishes to say)

WAITER: (helpfully) There's your table, comrade.

WINSTON: (looking round blindly) Where? (He notices JULIA)

WAITER: (points in different direction) The usual place. There's a special bulletin due at 20.30. Sounds bad. (Going) I've got a drink all ready for you.

WINSTON: Thank you. I think ... I'll just ... (He starts towards JULIA)

CUT CAM:

(JULIA looks up as WINSTON comes into shot)

(Without expression) Julia.

(She looks at him with faint disgust. He sits opposite her, slowly)

JULIA: (boldly) I betrayed you.

WINSTON: I betrayed you.

JULIA: How long have you been out?

WINSTON: (tries to remember) Three weeks. Got a committee job ... quite hard ... work.

JULIA: Sometimes they threaten you with something you can't stand up to, can't even think about, and you say "Don't do it to me, do it to ... so-and-so". Afterwards you pretend you only said it, didn't mean it. That isn't true.

(WINSTON shakes his head)

At the time, you want it to happen to the other person.

(WINSTON nods)

After that, you don't feel the same about the other person any longer.

WINSTON: No. You don't.

JULIA: (rises) We must meet again.

WINSTON: Yes.

(The music suddenly changes. A flat voice sings)

TELESCREEN:
Under the spreading chestnut tree,
I sold you and you sold me.

(JULIA turns quickly, goes)

They lie here and here lie we,
Under the spreading chestnut tree.

CUT CAM: (JULIA into shot where WAITER stands)

WAITER: Do I keep a regular place for you?

(JULIA shakes her head. She glances briefly back at WINSTON)

JULIA: No. (She goes)

CUT CAM: (WINSTON looks up at sound of door closing, then smiles foolishly to himself.

The WAITER comes with tray)

WAITER: Over here tonight, eh?

(He puts a glass in front of WINSTON)

GRAMS.
Music stops.

WAITER: (cont) Twenty-thirty. This is it.

(WINSTON's expression changes to one of worried concentration. He looks up at the telescreen)

CUT CAM: (Telescreen its "eye" revolving)

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Trumpet call

CUT CAM: WAITER: It's - it's a victory! After all -

(WINSTON nods excitedly)

TELESCREEN: (O.S.) Comrades, here is the bulletin from the Ministry of Peace! It tells of - victory!

GRAMS. Disc: Band:
Crowds cheering

WINSTON: Victory, eh? Listen to that!

(The WAITER runs off excitedly)

TELESCREEN: (O.S.) By means of a strategic manoevre unparallelled in the history of warfare, our brave troops on the Central African front have utterly routed vastly superior Eurasian forces! The enemy has been completely demoralised. And more than a million prisoners have been taken! The whole of this magnificent and secret operation was inspired and conducted ...

(WINSTON's lips are trembling)

CUT CAM: (On screen is face of Big Brother)

... by Big Brother. It is his military genius alone that has brought control of the whole of Africa ...

CUT CAM: (O.S.)... within measurable distance of realisation! This colossal victory ...

(CUT studio sound)